THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

HISTORY OF HAVERHILL.

One of the good effects—and that not the least—of those popular institutions known as Lyceums, which have been established all over New England, is the rescuing from oblivion the early history and traditions of many towns and villages, and embodying them in a form accessible to all. Of this pious and interesting duty, our writers heretofore have been but too neglectful. They have chosen rather to scale the heights of Helicon on some daring Pegasus than to sit down quietly at the foot of the mount in the humble capacity of a historian or compiler. They have given loose to the reins of imagination to visit worlds of their own creation, instead of confining themselves to the forests and fields, the rocks and legends around them—they have turned from the moth-eaten parchment and the moss-grown grave-stone, the sole record of the deeds of their ancestors, and have busied themselves in the scenes which were passing around them. But a few years since, it was hardly thought that there were events and incidents in the lives of our forefathers stirring enough for the pages of a novel—and yet when Hobomok made its appearance, it was read with delight and wonder, and was admitted by the first literary review in the country to be the best American novel ever written. So too, it was supposed by many that from the records and traditions of *our* towns and hamlets, little could be gleaned to make a volume of any interest, but the contrary has in numerous instances been shown to be true. Histories, possessing much valuable information, and deeply interesting incidents have been compiled of many of the towns and villages in New England, and the success which has attended those already published, is calling forth histories of other towns and villages.

Among those lately published, we have read that of Haverhill, a beautiful little village on the banks of the Merrimack, in Massachusetts. For many years it was a frontier town, and exposed to all the horrors of savage warfare. The capture, sufferings and escape of Mrs. Dustin are well known to all who are acquainted with the early history of New England, but the story of two boys who were captured by the Indians may not be so familiar to our readers. We give it them, therefore, in the author's own words.

Early in the fall, a party of the Indians appeared in the northerly part of the town, where they surprised and made prisoners of Isaac Bradley, aged fifteen, and Joseph Whittaker, aged eleven, who were at work in the open fields near Mr. Joseph Bradley's house. The Indians instantly retreated with their prisoners, without committing any further violence, and pursued their journey through the wilderness until they arrived at their homes, on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee. Isaac, says tradition, was rather small in stature, but full of vigor and very active; and he certainly possessed more shrewdness than most of the boys of that age. But Joseph was a large, overgrown boy, and exceedingly clumsy in his movements.

Immediately after their arrival at the Lake, the two boys were placed in an Indian family, consisting of the man, his squaw, and two or three children. While they were in this situation, they soon became so well acquainted with the language, that they learned from the occasional conversations carried on in their presence, between their master and the neighboring Indians of the same tribe, that they intended to carry them to Canada, the following spring. This discovery was very afflicting to them. If their designs were carried into execution, they knew that there would be but little chance for them to escape: and from that time the active mind of Isaac was continually planning a mode to effect it. A deep and unbroken wilderness, pathless mountains, and swollen and almost impassable rivers, lay between them and their beloved homes; and the boys feared, if they were carried still further northward, that they should never again hear the kind voice of a father, or feel the fervent kiss of an affectionate mother, or the fond embrace of a beloved sister. They feared, should they die in a strange land, that there would be none to close their eyes—none to shed for them the tear of affection—none to place the green turf on their graves—and none who would fondly treasure up their memories.

Such were the melancholy thoughts of the young boys, and they determined to escape before their masters started with them to Canada. The winter came with its snow and wind—the spring succeeded, with its early buds and flowers, and its pleasant south wind—and still they were prisoners. Within that period, Isaac was brought nigh to the grave—a burning fever had raged in his veins and for many days he languished on a bed of sickness: but by the care of the squaw, his mistress, who treated them both with considerable kindness, he recovered. Again he felt a strong desire to escape, which increased with his strength; and in April he matured a plan for that purpose. He appointed a night to put it into execution, without informing his companion, till the day previous, when he told him of his intentions. Joseph wished to accompany him; to this Isaac demurred, and said to him, "I'm afraid you wont wake." Joseph promised that he would, and at night they laid down in their master's wigwam, in the midst of his family. Joseph soon fell asleep, and began to snore lustily; but there was no sleep for Isaac—his strong desire to escape—the fear that he should not succeed in his attempt, and of the punishment that would doubtless be inflicted if he did not—and the danger, hunger and fatigue that awaited him, all were vividly painted in his imagination, and kept sleep or even drowsiness far from him. His daring attempt was environed with darkness and danger—he often revolved it in his mind, yet his resolution remained unshaken. At length the midnight came, and its holy stillness rested on the surrounding forest;—it passed—and slowly and cautiously he arose. All was silent save the deep drawn breath of the savage sleepers. The voice of the wind was scarcely audible on the hills, and the moon, at times, would shine brightly through the scattered clouds, and silver the broad lake, as though the robe of an angel had fallen on its sleeping waters.

Isaac stepped softly and tremblingly over the tawny bodies, lest they should awake and discover his design, and secured his master's fire-works, and a portion of his moose-meat and bread; these he carried to a little distance from the wigwam, and concealed them in a clump of bushes. He then returned, and bending over Joseph, who had, all this time, been snoring in his sleep, carefully shook him. Joseph, more asleep than awake, turned partly over, and asked aloud, "what do you want?"—This egregious blunder alarmed Isaac, and he instantly laid down in his proper place, and began to snore as loudly as any of them. Soon as his alarm had somewhat subsided, he again rose, and listened long for the heavy breath of the sleepers. He determined to fly from his master, before the morning dawned. Perceiving that they all slept, he resolved to make his escape, without again attempting to wake Joseph, lest, by his thoughtlessness, he should again put him in jeopardy. He then arose and stepped softly out of the wigwam, and walked slowly and cautiously from it, until he had nearly reached the place where his provisions were concealed, when he heard footsteps approaching hastily behind him. With a beating heart he looked backward, and saw Joseph, who had aroused himself, and finding that his companion had gone, concluded to follow. They then secured the fire-works and provisions, and without chart or compass, struck into the woods in a southerly direction, aiming for the distant settlement of Haverhill. They ran at the top of their speed until day-light appeared, when they concealed themselves in a hollow log, deeming it too dangerous to continue their journey in the day time.

Their master, when he awoke in the morning, was astonished to find his prisoners had escaped, and immediately collected a small party with their dogs, and pursued them. The dogs struck upon the tracks, and in a short time came up to the log where the boys were concealed, when they made a stand, and began a loud barking. The boys trembled with fear lest they should be re-captured, and perhaps fall beneath the tomahawk of their enraged master. In this situation, they hardly knew what was best to do—but they spoke kindly to the dogs, who knew their voices, ceased barking, and wagged their tails with delight. They then threw before them all the moose-meat they had taken from the wigwam, which the dogs instantly seized, and began to devour it as though they highly relished so choice a breakfast. While they were thus employed, the Indians made their appearance, and passed close to the log in which they were concealed, without noticing the employment of their dogs. The boys saw them as they passed, and were nearly breathless with anxiety. They followed them with their eyes till they were out of sight, and hope again took possession of their bosoms. The dogs soon devoured their meat, and trotted after their masters.

They lay in the log during the day, and at night pursued their journey, taking a different route from the one travelled by the Indians. They made only one or two meals on their bread, and after that was gone they were obliged to subsist on roots and buds. On the second day they concealed themselves, but travelled the third night and day without resting; and on that day, towards night, they luckily killed a pigeon and a turtle, a part of which they ate raw, not daring to build a fire, lest they should be discovered. The fragments of their unsavory meal they carried with them, and ate of them as their hunger required, making their dessert on such roots as they happened to find. They continued their journey night and day as fast as their wearied and mangled limbs would carry them. On the sixth day, they struck into an Indian path and followed it till night, when they suddenly came within sight of an Indian encampment, saw their savage enemy seated around the fire, and distinctly heard their voices. This alarmed them exceedingly; and wearied and exhausted as they were, they had rather seek an asylum in the wide forest, and die within the shadow of its trees, than trust to the kindness of foes whose bosoms had never been moved by its silent workings. They precipitately fled, fearing lest they should be discovered and pursued, and all night retraced their steps. The morning came and found them seated side by side on the bank of a small stream, their feet torn and covered with blood, and each of them weeping bitterly over his misfortunes. Thus far their hearts had been filled with courage, and their hopes grew, and were invigorated with the pleasant thoughts of home, as they flitted vividly across their minds. But now their courage had fled, and their hopes had given way to despair. They thought of the green fields in which they had so often played—of the tall trees whose branches had so often overshadowed them—and of the hearth around which they had delighted to gather with their brothers and sisters, on a winter's evening, and listen to a story told by their parents. They thought of these, yea, of more—but as things from which they were forever parted—as things that had once given them happiness, but had forever passed away.

They were, however, unwilling to give up all further exertions. The philosophy of Isaac taught him that the stream must eventually lead to a large body of water, and after refreshing themselves with a few roots, they again commenced their journey, and followed its windings. They continued to follow it during that day and a part of the night. On the eighth morning, Joseph found himself completely exhausted; his limbs were weak and mangled, his body was emaciated, and despair was the mistress of his bosom. Isaac endeavored to encourage him to proceed; he dug roots for him to eat, and brought him water to quench his thirst—but all was in vain. He laid himself down on the bank of the stream, in the shade of the budding trees, to die, far from his friends, with none for companions but the howling beasts of the forest. Isaac left him to his fate, and with a bleeding heart, slowly and wearily pursued his journey. He had travelled but a short distance when he came to a newly raised building. Rejoiced at his good fortune, and believing that inhabitants were nigh, he immediately retraced his steps, and soon found Joseph in the same place and position in which he left him. He told him what he had seen, talked very encouragingly, and after rubbing his limbs a long while, he succeeded in making him stand on his feet. They then started together, Isaac part of the time leading him by the hand, and part of the time carrying him on his back; and in this manner, with their naked limbs mangled and wearied with travelling, their strength exhausted by sickness, and their bodies emaciated almost to skeletons, they arrived at Saco fort, sometime in the following night.

Thus, on the ninth night, they arrived among their countrymen, after travelling over an immense forest, subsisting on a little bread, on buds and berries, and on one raw turtle and a pigeon, and without seeing the face of a friend, or warming themselves over a fire. Isaac, soon as he regained his strength, started for Haverhill, and arrived safely at his father's dwelling, who had heard nothing from him since he was taken, and expected never to see him again. But Joseph had more to suffer—he was seized with a raging fever soon as he reached the fort, and was for a long time confined to his bed. His father, when Isaac returned, went to Saco, and brought home his long lost son, soon as his health permitted.

The whole work, indeed, abounds in incidents and traditions of a highly interesting character. The picture of the manners and times is faithfully drawn—now gleaming with a few rays of sunshine, and now darkened by scenes of desolation and bloodshed. At one time you see the little village reposing in security, and engaged in subduing the soil, or in religious or civil duties. The seed which has been sown in spring, has put forth its verdure and is already ripening into maturity, and promising to reward the laborer with a plentiful harvest. But soon—soon the scene changes. The red-men, always lurking in the vicinity and thirsting for blood and plunder, steal upon the defenceless villagers as they are wrapt in slumber, and in a single night lay waste the labors of the whole year. The tomahawk finds an easy victim in all who lift up their hands to oppose its blow, and the few that escape, escape only to weep over their hearths made desolate and their property destroyed.

The author of this work—Mr. B. L. Mirick, himself a native of Haverhill, has displayed great research and indefatigable pains in its compilation. His style of writing is well suited to the character of the work, plain, perspicuous and succinct. The work is at times simply a transcript of the town records, and of course is so far merely narrative, but to make up for this, Mr. Mirick occasionally enlivens us with a tradition, which he tells in a capital manner. D.

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED.

"He oft hath said that I was fair
As lily or as rose;
He cull'd for me in summer time
The sweetest flower that blows;
He twined with care the virgin wreaths,
And smiled if I approved:
But though he cast them at my feet,
He never said he loved!

He seemed to feel, when at my side,
The rapture of delight:—
His eyes were lit with joyousness,
When mine were glad and bright!
He watched me in the festive hall,
He trembled if I moved;
But softly though his whispers fell,
He never said he loved!

He left his home for sunny climes,
Full many years had past;
And the hopes that fanned my spirit flame
Had faded all at last.
He came—the wealth of other lands
Had crowned him as he roved;
A star was shining on his breast,
And then he said he loved!"

SATISFYING AN ENQUIRY.—A person in Oswestry, says an English paper, impertinently accosted one of the late Bishops of St. Asaph, in the church-yard there, as his Lordship was taking a walk after the confirmation as follows:—"My Lord! does the devil wear a wig like you, or is he bareheaded?" "Wait a while, my man," said the prelate, "and you'll see?"

Penny wise and pound foolish.—We understand that one of the taxable inhabitants of this county, lately walked several miles and lost half a day, to attend an appeal held by the Commissioners. He complained that he was rated too high—that his county tax would amount to *twenty cents*, but alleged that he would not complain if it were not for the *State Tax*, which would increase the amount to so much more. On being informed that his State Tax would amount to half a cent, he appeared better reconciled, and retired after promising that he would endeavor to pay it, in order to help the State out of the enormous debt.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bassiana.—A gentleman asked why isaac hill's name was always printed in the Evening Journal, without capital letters. Bass, who has contrived to pick up a little knowledge of the mysterious art, replied, because little isaac belongs to the "lower case."

Bass was asked by a gentleman who wanted board in the country, if he had any acquaintance living on Jamaica Plains. He replied "No—but I have many who live on plain Jamaica." Rather spirited.—*Bost. Trans.*

Shadrack Bond, the first Governor of the State of Illinois, died recently at his residence in Kaskaskia, in the 54th year of his age. Gov. Bond was a native of Baltimore, Md., and emigrated to Illinois, then a part of the N. W. Territory, in '96. He filled many important offices in the Territory previous to his election as Governor, and at the time of his death was register of the land office at Kaskaskia.—*St. Louis Times.*

The number of Deaths in Portland in 1831 was 226. Males 111; females 115. 12 were foreigners, and 8 colored persons. Of these deaths there were in Jan. 14, Feb. 8, Mar. 16, Ap. 23, May 63, June 17, July 16, Aug. 28, Sept. 28, Oct. 23, Nov. 19, Dec. 21. Consumption was the most fatal disease, the deaths being 43.

MISCELLANY.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL AT THE IRISH AGRICULTURAL DINNER.

From the Atlas.

Captain Hall, in his new series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels, relates one instance in which he appears to have been rather more than "half sea-over," while on land. If this statement should have any thing of the aspect of a bull, the reader will please to bear in mind that the scene of the occurrence was Ireland, and the occasion a meeting of the Farmers' Society.

"I had occasion to visit a city at some distance from Lough Swilly. I had been charged by my friends in Scotland to make inquiries into various topics, particularly that of Fiorin; and, having soon made acquaintance with the late Dr. Richardson, readily obtained all the information required from that enthusiastic advocate for the grass in question. Before I set out for Port Rush, the head-quarters of Fiorin cultivation, a merry friend of mine, hearing me ask some questions about corn-crops, hay-crops, and such matters, begged to know if I should not like to be introduced to the Farmer's Society of their good city; 'for there,' said he, 'you will meet with all the best informed agriculturists of the country.' Of course, I gladly accepted his offer, and that of his companionship to the society's dinner on that very day. As we walked to the house, which, I think, lay about a mile or so beyond the limits of the town, I taxed my memory for all the queries which had been put to me on the subject of farming, resolving to apply these at the most fitting moments, and rejoicing over the famous opportunity I now had of reaping a grand harvest of information, at a small cost of trouble.

On we trudged to a pretty little country inn, which we reached just as the dinner was rattling on the table. The party consisted of a dozen persons, or there may have been a dozen and a half, as pleasant men in their way, as could be met with. Before the repast was over, I chanced to ask my treacherous friend, next whom I was placed, some questions on the subject of turnip husbandry. He heard me out, and laughed exceedingly; but, instead of answering, called out to the chairman of the meeting.

'I beg to inform you, sir, that the gentleman on my right wishes to know whether we in the north of Ireland pull up our turnips, or let them remain in the ground, as in East Lothian, for the sheep to eat? Now, sir, I take this to be an agricultural question, don't you?'

'Certainly it is,' replied the president.

'Undoubtedly agricultural!' cried the rest of the company; upon which, turning to the waiter, the chairman said, in a chuckling and delighted tone,

'Boy! take the glass to Mr. Hall, the strange gentleman there.'

Accordingly, a glass, not very much above the ordinary size, was handed to me, and straightway filled with whisky-toddy. This I was required by the president to drink off instantly.

'On what compulsion? and wherefore?' I asked, laughing, with the glass at my lips.

'Oh!' exclaimed he, 'on no compulsion at all, my dear sir; for this, you must know, is Liberty Hall. Do exactly as you please, only conforming to the laws of the association; that is to say,' continued the president, grinning, 'you will of course see the obvious propriety of complying with the fixed rules of the Farmer's Society, one of the strictest of which very properly is, that no one present shall allude to the subject of agriculture, much less discourse upon it, as you have done, or ask any questions!'

There was a national comicality about this queer rule, which was of course quite unanswerable: so I paid the penalty, and drank off the punch without delay; for it was admirable in its ingredients, and, what is almost as important, admirably concocted.

I had no sooner emptied the glass, than I was ordered to fill and swallow another bumper, as a fine for having used the left hand instead of the right; and, when I remonstrated against the injustice of fining a man for breaking laws of which he had never before heard the existence, the president said, with mock gravity,

'Do you really suppose, sir, that such an excuse as not knowing the existence of a law against hog-stealing would help you in a court of justice, if you were to run off with a pig?'

The reasoning was again unanswerable, so down went the drink.

Good whisky-punch, well made, is, certainly, of all the tipples ever invented by mortal man, the most insinuating and the most loving, because, more than any other, it disposes the tippler to be pleased with himself. It brightens his hopes, assuages his sorrows, crumbles down his difficulties, softens the hostilities of his enemies, and, in fact, inclines him, for the time being, to think generously of all mankind, at the tip-top of which it naturally and good-naturedly places his own dear self, with a glass in one hand and a mug in the other, without a wish ungratified, and as unsuspicious of evil as if not a single drop of gall, or a sprig of wormwood, existed on the face of the earth!

My merry agricultural friends, who knew all the depths and shallows of the most delightful of all navigations, that of a punch-bowl, were well aware, that if they could, by any means, get the unwary stranger to pass a certain point of moderation, no additional impulse on their part would required to bring about the grand consummation they aimed at, and which they were all the more bent upon, from seeing me a little on my guard.

It need scarcely be told that I failed, and that they succeeded in making me enter the trap. I have, indeed, only a very confused recollection of the whole scene; but I do remember seeing the hands of the clock dancing a jig about the hour of twelve, and have some faint remembrance of being made to drink at least three times to the glorious and immortal memory of King William III., merely because I could not find articulation or memory enough to repeat, without tripping, an immense long tail to this royal and loyal Orange toast.

The first distinct image which remains on my mind of this after-dinner scene is what the architects call, a Plafond view of the table; that is, such a prospect of its under surface as can be obtained only by the spectator lying flat on his back on the floor. I could discover that there was singing going on above me and much rattling of glass. I could also detect the well-known sound of the toddy, in the act of being poured from one jug to another, the only genuine method of mixing the terrestrial ingredients which go to the formation of this most perfect of celestial beverages. Its only rival seems to be the delicious iced sherbet of the torrid zone, when eagerly quaffed, at some sleepless midnight, on Choultry plain, with the thermometer at 100 deg., and the still land-wind drifting over the ground like the air of a blast-furnace, from the red-hot sands of the Carnatic.

Be that as it may, I contrived to crawl out, unseen, between two chairs, across which a worthy agriculturist was stretched, like one of his own sheep ready for the market, with his hands touching the floor on one side, his feet on the other. I escaped to the garden, and there walked or rolled about, for half an hour, somewhat in the style of a Portsmouth wherry in the sea, at the meeting of the tides. The night was mild and beautiful, and the clear fresh air revived, though it failed to steady me. At last, deep in the night, the party broke up—the sleepers were awakened, and so, we all set out on our return to the city. We made such a zigzag traverse along the road, that had quadrilles been known in those days, the passengers might have imagined we were practising for the ensuing county ball. Not content with these vagaries in the 'fair way,' we must needs mount upon the top of the sea-wall; one side of which, towards the road, was not above a yard high; but the other, looking outwards, might be twenty or thirty perpendicular feet from the beach; while the top was only four or five feet in breadth. The least gay of the party pronounced vehemently against this route, but the quality of whiskey, as I have before observed, being to level difficulties and hide dangers, the precipice towards the sea appeared hardly high enough or steep enough for the magnanimous courage of our agriculturists, some of whom kept coasting along the outer edge of the parapet, within the breadth of a furrow, as they said, of the next world, solely to augment the risk, and so to do honour to the generous spirit by which they were moved.

Such are the sort of pranks which Pat is apt to divert himself withal, when he has no real business in hand, or when his duties, public or domestic, do not claim his serious attention. It is true, he is sometimes a wild hand enough to deal with, even when not a drop of the crathur has passed his lips; but he is not a whit more so, I verily believe, than either English, Scotch, or Welshman, when fairly roused into action by motives suitable to his peculiar national temperament. We have hardly any seamen in the fleet who are more sober and orderly, or who, when properly managed, are more docile and amenable to really good discipline, than the Irish. Perhaps it may occasionally happen, that there is a difficulty in getting Paddy to see things in the particular light in which we wish him to view them, or, as we say, to make him cast with his head on the right tack; but there is no man who performs more or better work when once this is accomplished."

ANECDOTES OF HOGG THE POET.

BY HIMSELF.

"Among other wild and visionary subjects, the *Pilgrims of the Sun* would have done very well, and might at least have been judged one of the best; but, as an entire poem by itself, it bears an impress of extravagance, and affords no relief from the story of a a visionary existence. After my literary blunders and miscarriages are a few months old, I can view them with as much indifference, and laugh at them as heartily, as any of my neighbors. I have often felt, that Mary Lee reminded me of a beautiful country girl turned into an assembly in dishabille, 'half-naked, for a world's wonder,' whose beauties might be gazed at, but were sure to be derided."

Of two volumes of tragedies which Hogg published, the issue is thus related:

"The small degree of interest that these dramas excited in the world finished my dramatic and poetical career. I had adopted a resolution of writing a drama every year as long as I lived, hoping to make myself perfect by degrees, as a man does in his calling, by serving an apprenticeship; but the failure of those to excite notice fully convinced me, that either this was not the age to appreciate the qualities of dramatic composition, or that I was not possessed of the talents fitting me for such an undertaking: and so I gave up the ambitious design. Before this period, all the poems that I had published had been begun and written by chance and at random, without any previous design. I had at that time commenced an epic poem on a regular plan, and I finished two books of it, pluming myself that it was to prove my greatest work. But, seeing that the poetical part of these dramas excited no interest in the public, I felt conscious that no poetry I should ever be able to write would do so; or, if it did, the success would hinge upon some casualty, on which it did not behove me to rely. So, from that day to this, save now and then an idle song to beguile a leisure hour, I determined to write no more poetry.

Several years subsequent to this, at the earnest entreaties of some literary friends, I once more set to work and finished this poem, which I entitled *Queen Hynde*, in a time shorter than any person could believe. I submitted it first to Sir Walter Scott, who gave it his approbation in the most unqualified terms; so the work was put to press with every prospect of high success. I sold an edition of one thousand copies to Longman and Co.; but Mr. Blackwood, who had been chiefly instrumental in urging me to finish the poem, claimed the half of the edition, and got it. But it proved to him like the Highlandman's character—'he would have been as petter without it.' That malicious *devil*, Jerdan, first took it up and damned it with faint praise. The rest of the reviewers followed in his wake; so that, in short, the work sold heavily and proved rather a failure. It is said the multitude never are wrong, but, in this instance, I must take Mr. Wordsworth's plan, and maintain that they *were* wrong. I need not say how grievously I was disappointed—as what unsuccessful candidate for immortal fame is not? But it would have been well could I have refrained from exposing myself. I was invited to a public dinner given by a great number of young friends, a sort of worshippers of mine (for I have a number of these in Scotland.) It was to congratulate me on my new work, and drink success to it. The president made a speech, in which, after some laudatory remarks on the new poem, he boldly and broadly asserted that it was much inferior to their beloved *Queen's Wake*. I was indignantly wroth, denying his assertion both in principle and position, and maintained not only that it was infinitely superior to the *Queen's Wake*, but I offered to bet the price of the edition with any or all of them that it was the best epic poem that ever had been produced in Scotland. None of them would take the bet, but as few backed me. I will, however, stake my credit on *Queen Hynde*. It was unfortunate that the plot should have been laid in an age so early that we have no interest in it."

Of the system which has lately got into great vogue with a considerable portion of the periodical press, that of inventing jokes, &c., or satires or slanders, and assigning them to parties utterly unconscious of their existence, and even going the length of publishing pretended letters from such persons, Mr. Hogg says,

"Mr. Wilson once drove me also into an ungovernable rage, by turning a long and elaborate poem of mine, on the *Field of Waterloo*, into ridicule; on learning which I sent him a letter, which I thought was a tickler. There was scarcely an abusive epithet in our language that I did not call him by. My letter, however, had not the designed effect; the opprobrious names proved only a source of amusement to Wilson, and he sent me a letter of explanation and apology, which knit my heart closer to him than ever. My friends in general have been of opinion that he has amused himself and the public too often at my expense; but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discerned any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that it was using too much freedom with any author, to print his name in full to poems, letters, and essays, which he himself never saw. I do not say that he has done this; but either he or some one else has done it many a time."

On the same point, and speaking of Mr. Blackwood, he afterwards adds,

"For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of."

"In 1822, (says our biographer) perceiving that I was likely to run short of money, I began and finished in the course of a few months, the *Three Perils of Man, viz. War, Women, and Witchcraft!* Lord preserve us! what a medley I made of it! for I never in my life re-wrote a page of prose; and being impatient to get hold of some of Messrs. Longman and Co.'s money, or their bills, which were the same, I dashed on, and mixed up with what might have been made one of the best historical tales our country ever produced, such a mass of diablerie as retarded the main story, and rendered the whole perfectly ludicrous. But the worst thing of all effected by this novel, or at least by the novel part of an authentic tale, was its influencing the ingenious Allan Cunningham to follow up the idea, and improve the subject; whereas, he made matters rather worse. I received one hundred and fifty pounds for the edition of one thousand copies as soon as it was put to press. The house never manifested the least suspicion of me, more than if I had been one of their own firm. The next year I produced the *Three Perils of Women*, also in three volumes, and received the same price likewise, in bills, as soon as it was put to press. There is a good deal of pathos and absurdity in both the tales of this latter work; but I was all this while writing as if in desperation, and see matters now in a different light. The next year, 1824, I published the *Confessions of a Sinner*; but it being a story replete with horrors, after I had written it I durst not venture to put my name to it: so it was published anonymously, and of course did not sell very well—so at least I believe, for I do not remember ever receiving any thing for it, and I am sure if there had been a reversion I should have had a moiety."

AN ENGLISH FOX HUNT.

(*From the Quarterly Review.*)

To describe a run with foxhounds is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire in our eye would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. '*Hark in, hark!*' with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. 'Oh, you beauties!' exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse; another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think, thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with 'Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? *Get to cover, Rasselas;*' and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. 'No fox here,' says one; 'Don't be in a hurry,' cries Mr. Cradock,* 'they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.' These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen 'flourishing'† above the gorse. '*Have at him, there,*' holloas the Squire‡—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. '*Have at him there, again,* my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!' reiterates the squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens, (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch. At this moment 'John White,' 'Val Maher,' 'Frank Holyoake' (who will pardon us for giving their *noms-de-chasse*§) and two or three more of the fast ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. 'Hold hard there,' says a sportsman; but he might as well speak to the winds. 'Stand still, gentlemen; *pray* stand still,' exclaims the huntsman; he might as well say so to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of, all the fields have been awake—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle reins gathered well up into the hand, and hats pushed down upon the brow.

At this interesting period, a Snob‖ just arrived from a very *rural* country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: 'Come away, Sir!' holloas the master, (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers,) 'What mischief are you doing there? Do you think *you* can catch the fox?' A breathless silence ensues. At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream; it is Flourisher, and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. '*Tallyho!*' cries a countryman in a tree. 'He's gone,' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, ''Ware hounds!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give them time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. 'That's right,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil your own sport as usual.' '*Go along,*' roars out Mr. Holyoake, 'there are three couple of hounds on the scent.' 'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,'** coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, '*she kicks*;' 'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure' Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

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* This gentleman resides within the limits of the Quorn hunt, and kindly superintends the management of the covers.

† Technical, for the motion of a hound's stern or tail, when he feels a scent, but is not able to *own* or *acknowledge* it.

‡ When Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county with his own were the property of noblemen; so, for the sake of distinction, his friends conferred on him the familiar title of 'the Squire.'

§ John White, Esq. of Park Hall, Derbyshire; Valentine Maher, Esq. a member of the Old Club; and Francis Lyttleton Holyoake, Esq. of Studley Castle, Warwickshire.

‖ We know nothing of the derivation of the word 'Snob;' it is certainly not a classical one, but either that or Tiger is too often applied to a total stranger who ventures to show himself in the 'swell countries,' as they are called.

** Nephew to Mr. Coke, of Holkham; his famous mare *Alliance* is dangerous in a crowd, and thus the necessity of a lab.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true, they possess the speed of a race-horse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But, as Beckford observes, ''Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him.' A turn, however, in their favor, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot ahead—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo; a terrible burst is the result!*

At the end of nineteen minutes the hounds come to a fault, and for a moment the fox has a chance—in fact, they have been pressed upon by the horses, and have rather overrun the scent. 'What a pity!' says one; 'What a shame!' cries another—alluding, perhaps, to a young one, who would and could have gone still faster. 'You may thank yourselves for this,' exclaims Osbaldeston, well up at the time (Clasher looking fresh); but only fourteen men of the two hundred are to be counted—all the rest *coming*. At one blast of the horn, the hounds are back to the point at which the scent has failed, Jack Stevens being in his place to turn them. '*Yo doit! Pastime*,' says the Squire, as she feathers her stern down the hedge-row, looking more beautiful than ever. 'She speaks!' 'Worth a thousand, by Jupiter!' cries John White, looking over his left shoulder as he sends both spurs into Euxton, delighted to see only four more of the field are up. Our Snob, however, is amongst them. He has 'gone a good one,' and his countenance is expressive of delight, as he urges his horse to his speed to get again into a front place.

The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him!—what a panorama does it represent!—Not a field of less than forty—some a hundred acres—and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth—every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stooping, the scent lying *breast high*. But the crash!—the music!—how to describe these! Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes great noise over a little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling. Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and cheerily, musically do the light notes of Vocal and far famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch them. But who is so fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the elite of the field who had come up at the first check; and a few who, thanks to the goodness of their steeds, and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, however, begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

Up to this time, 'Snob' has gone quite in the first flight; the 'Dons' begin to eye him, and when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—'Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?' 'Don't know him,' says Mr. *Little* Gilmour, (a fourteen stone Scotchman, by-the-bye,) ganging gallantly to his hounds. 'He can ride,' exclaims Lord Rancliffe. 'A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,' adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry 'enough,' how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent, abounding in ant hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough, some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonice, 'a stopper:' nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. 'Now for the timber-jumper,' cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. 'For heaven's sake take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane.' Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay horse is signed. It is true he gets first to the gate, and has no idea of opening it; sees it contains five new and strong bars, that will neither bend nor break; has a great idea of a fall, but no idea of refusing; presses his hat firmly on his head, and gets his whip-hand at liberty to give the good little nag a refresher; but all at once he perceives it will not do. When attempting to collect him for the effort he finds his mouth dead and his neck stiff; fancies he hears something like a wheezing in his throat; and discovering, quite unexpectedly, that the gate would open, wisely avoids a fall, which was *booked* had he attempted to leap it. He pulls up, then at the gate; and as he places the hook of his whip under the latch, John White goes over it close to the hinge post, and Captain Ross, upon Clinker, follows him. The Reviewer then walks through.

The scene now shifts. On the other side of the lane is a fence of this description: it is a newly-plashed hedge, abounding in strong growers, as they are called, and a yawning ditch on the further side; but as is peculiar to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, a considerable portion of the blackthorn left uncut, leans outwards from the hedge, somewhat about breast-high. This large fence is taken by all now with the hounds—some to the right and some to the left of the direct line—but the little bay horse would have no more of it. Snob puts him twice at it, and manfully too, but the wind is out of him, and he has no power to rise—several scrambles, but only one fall, occur at this 'rasper,' all having nearly enough of the killing pace; and a mile and a half farther, the second horses are fallen in with, just in the nick of time. A short check from the stain of sheep makes every thing comfortable, and the Squire having hit off his fox like a workman, thirteen men, out of two hundred, are fresh mounted and with the hounds, which settle to the scent again at a truly killing pace.

'*Hold hard, Holyoake!*' exclaims Mr. Osbaldeston (now mounted on Ranker,) knowing what double quick time he would be marching to, with fresh pipes to play upon, and the crowd well shaken off; '*pray* don't press 'em too hard, and we shall be sure to kill our fox. *Hark at him there*, Abigail and Fickle, good bitches—see what a head they are carrying! I'll bet a thousand they kill him.' The country appears better and better. 'He's taking a capital line,' exclaims Sir Harry Goodricke, as he points out to Sir James Musgrave two young Furrier hounds, who were particularly distinguishing themselves at the moment. 'Worth a dozen Reform bills,' shouts Sir Francis Burdett, sitting erect upon Sampson,* and putting his head straight at a yawner. 'We shall have the Whissendine brook,' cries Mr. Maxse, who knows every field in the country, 'for he is making straight for Teigh.' 'And a bumper too, after last night's rain,' holloas Captain Berkley, determined to get first to four stiff rails in a corner. 'So much the better,' says Lord Alvanley, 'I like a bumper at all times.' 'A fig for the Whissendine,' cries Lord Gardner; 'I am on the best water jumper in my stable.'

The prophecy turns up. Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has no where to stop short of Woodwell head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less, the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

'Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep.'

'Yoot, over he goes!' holloas the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Red Rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood.† 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,'‡ answers Lord Forester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' 'But he'll be drowned,' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Coke. But the pace is *too good* to inquire.

The fox does his best to escape; he threads hedgerows, tries the out-buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand still, and few are going at their ease. 'Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country,' says one of the best of the welter weights, as he stands over his four-hundred-guinea chesnut, then rising from the ground after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. 'Not hurt, I hope,' exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hogbacked stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasant sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humi-bos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green sward within two inches of the rider's thigh. It is young Peyton,* who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty, for it was the third stiff timber-fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The Æneid of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woodwell head, evidently his point from the first: the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer himself: a black thorn, which has laid hold of his cheek, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud, by a fall he has had in a lane, his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he could have gone two miles farther, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. 'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,' says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. 'The cream of every thing in the shape of fox-hunting,' observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. 'Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*' added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. 'You are right,' says Colonel Lowther, 'they are perfect. I wish my father had seen them do their work to-day.' Some of the field now come up, who could not live in the first flight: but as there is no jealousy here, they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.

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* A favorite hunter of the baronet's, which he once honoured by coming all the way from London to Melton to ride *one day* with hounds.

† A true story.

‡ A celebrated rough-rider at Melton Mowbray, who greatly distinguished himself in the late grand steeple chase from Rolleston. He is paid 15s. per day for riding gentlemen's young horses to hounds.

* The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart. one of the best and hardest riders of the present day.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Were any one to regard the mere quantity of matter which has been published the last quarter of a century concerning the United States, he might be led hastily to conclude, that ample foundation had been laid for the gratification of all liberal curiosity in relation to that interesting people. Verily the name of American travellers is Legion, for they are many: but looking rather to the value than the volume of their works, we are forced to confess, that in regard to most of the higher and more important objects of enlightened enquiry the United States are yet unvisited, and that the wide field they present for philosophical observation has hitherto yielded no harvest. All this, however, may easily be accounted for. The Americans are a young people full of energy and enterprise, but necessarily subject to a variety of disadvantages which the older communities of Europe have long since overcome. They have little to boast of native literature or science; nothing of splendour or antiquity to captivate the imagination, and, bating a few objects of unrivalled natural grandeur, in a country the scenery of which is in general tame and monotonous, there exist few of the ordinary inducements of travel, to lead men of education and refinement to select the United States as the sphere of their observation. Then their appliances for the comfort and and convenience of travellers are understood to be deficient; their roads are confessedly detestable; their social habits rough and unfinished; their love of democracy perhaps too obtrusive and exuberant; and their contempt for kings and courtiers somewhat more openly expressed, than is quite consistent with a charitable regard to the prejudices of their European visitors. The consequence of this has been, that few English *gentlemen* have visited the United States, and of these few the greater portion have left no record of their impressions, being unwilling, perhaps, to incur the certainty of giving offence to a people of whose hospitality they entertain a grateful sense, and to whose morbid sensibility to censure there can be found no parallel in other nations.

The great body of our information, therefore, has been derived from persons of narrow minds and limited acquirements, who have generally visited the United States, with views rather connected with pecuniary profit, than the gratification of liberal curiosity. It has thus happened, that men, whose opinions on the condition, moral, literary, or political, of any European nation, would be treated with merited contempt, have yet been greedily listened to, when discoursing of a country, in no point of view less interesting, and with which our commercial relations are even more widely extended. The result of this has been, a vast mass of exaggerated and inconsistent statement—of truth answered by denial—fasehood exposed by blunder—prejudice on one side accusing prejudice on the other—of conclusions without premises, and premises that admit of no conclusion—in short, such a jumble of folly, ignorance, stupidity, and perversion, as make it very clear, whatever may be the case with counsellors, that in the multitude of such travellers there is *not* wisdom.

Merchants, Farmers, Manufacturers, Bagmen, Half-pay Officers, broken-down Radicals, impatient of the restraints of English morality and English law, have all visited the United States, and favoured the world with the result of their observations. Of these different classes, the three first have, perhaps, done all that we were entitled to expect. They have communicated a great deal of valuable information relative to soil and climate, railroads and canals, steamboats and stage-coaches, wages of labour, prices of provisions, facilities for commerce, and other matters which, in a country situated like Great Britain, are very essential to be understood. The lucubrations of the Bagmen on manners, politics, and morals, have been less available. They are, perhaps, somewhat too indignant at the national deficiency of polish and refinement, to be considered altogether impartial in their reports. They cannot bring themselves to pardon the transatlantic innovation of picking teeth with a pocket-knife instead of a table-fork, according to ancient and recognized precedent in the hostelries of Leeds and Birmingham. Then English "commercial gentlemen" excrete in spit-boxes, those of America discharge their saliva on the carpet or their neighbour's boot, or, in short, wherever it may happen to suit their convenience. Then in an American hotel, a Bagman of the most imposing aspect, with "a voice like Mars to threaten and command," may actually bellow for Boots and Chambermaid for an hour on end, without creating the smallest sensation in any one individual from the garret to the cellar. Should he at length lose patience, and go in search of the delinquents, ten to one he will find Boots lolling in a rocking chair, and coolly smoking a cigar, with his legs on the kitchen dresser; while the coffee-coloured chambermaid, taking advantage of the twilight, is in the back-yard arranging matters of importance with black Cæsar, jack-of-all-trades to Lycurgus P. Tompkins, storekeeper on t'other side of the street. Such differences of habit are no doubt quite sufficient to divert the whole current of human sympathies, and annihilate all charities, national and particular.

Next come the Radicals, whose associations with the memory of their own country are those of jails and gibbets, and who, comparing the realities of the United States with their former anticipations of Botany Bay, are naturally well satisfied with their change of prospect. Believe these political philosophers, and America is a heaven upon earth, a region of flowers and fruits, and of sweet airs, where corruption is unknown and man lives in a state of primeval innocence and unbroken happiness. The rulers of this delightful country are, of course, all virtue, wisdom and strength, and the people by whose free voices they are elected, distinguished above all experience in degraded Europe, by honour, high principle, sagacity, and talent. Your Tory travellers, on the other hand, who consider nothing good that is not founded on British precedent, deny altogether the justice of these praises. They tell you, and are ready to swear to it, that the United States are a mere Pandemonium of brutal manners and bad government; that the soil is barren and unfruitful, the climate sickly and destestable, the rulers time-serving and corrupt; and the people, made up of the sweepings and refuse of Europe, are fickle and turbulent in politics, mean and fraudulent in their dealings, ignorant, yet puffed up with the conceit of knowledge; and, in short, the most unfit possible depositaries of political power.

While by the successive and opposite impulses of these contradictory statements, our wavering opinions are driven from pillar to post, to be reimpelled with equal vehemence and velocity from post to pillar, we are glad to call in the weight of female testimony, to give permanence to our convictions, and decide, if possible, whether the Americans are a nation of angels or of demons, something more than men, or less than brutes. Women, thank Heaven, are no politicians, or life would be unbearable. They are gifted, too, with a finer observation, and more delicate discrimination of character, than nature has thought proper to bestow on the coarser sex; and therefore their evidence, as to every thing connected with manners or domestic morals, is not only more likely to be unbiassed, but is intrinsically more valuable. It was with pleasing anticipation, therefore that we directed our attention to the volume of Miss Frances Wright, a lady whose fame is already so widely spread on both sides of the Atlantic, as to be incapable of receiving additional extension, even from emblazonment in the pages of this Magazine. Some dozen years ago, we believe, Miss Wright, having directed her talents to the stage, produced a tragedy, which the London managers had the bad taste to reject. This insult determined the offended damsel at once to repudiate her country; and she accordingly lost no time in crossing the Atlantic, to enrol her name among those of the fairest citizens of this nobler, younger, freer, and more discriminating community. Miss Wright came prepared to be pleased, and she naturally finds the people all that youthful poets fancy, when they visit a foreign country with a play in their pocket. Nor are the Americans on their part ungrateful. They act her tragedy, and, as in duty bound, admire its captivating author. Every thing goes on smoothly. The New-York porters refuse to take money for carrying her portmanteaus, and we are consequently assured that these high-souled operatives toil in their laborious vocation, uninfluenced by vile thirst of lucre, and animated by the sole and disinterested object of conferring obligation on their wealthier neighbours.* Being a lady of considerable fortune, Miss Wright finds suitors in every city, and even receives offers in steamboats and stage-coaches; but having, as Leigh Hunt says, "stout notions on the marrying score," and being in principle somewhat of a polygamist, and adverse to monopolies of all kinds, she consistently declines the unjust appropriation of a whole free-born American, for her own exclusive use and behoof. Like a timid speculator in the lottery, she has no objections to a sixteenth, but cannot be induced to venture "the whole hog." It becomes us not to say, whether, in spite of all the insinuating gallantries of her numerous and gifted admirers, this fair republican

> ——"votaress pass'd on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy free."

We only know that her virgin appellation remained unchanged, and that however individually cruel, her collective gratitude was assuredly very great. The men of the United States, she assures us, are noble, manly, generous, and intelligent; the women tender, elegant, beautiful, and accomplished. Of course, such a population require little government; but what they have, realizes all her ideas of perfection. Indeed, the only fault she can discover in the whole country, is, that the people are somewhat too religious,—a failing which, by delivering public courses of lectures against Christianity in most of the cities, it is only justice to confess, she did her utmost to abate.

Thus far, then, the influence of female testimony was decidedly in favor of the *angelic* character of the Americans; and notwithstanding the weight of Captain Hall, who jumped very boldly into the opposite scale, there was every prospect of its kicking the beam, when out pops Mrs. Trollope with her two very entertaining volumes, and produces as great and sudden a change on the aspect of events, as the appearance of old Blucher and his troops did on the field of Waterloo. We now learn that Mrs. Trollope's own personal friends constitute the only portion of the population who can advance the smallest claim to the character of gentlemen. The rest are a mere set of brutal barbarians, filthy, immoral, and disgusting, and carrying the most sordid selfishness into all the relations of life. The United States, she informs us, is a country yet ignorant of the blessings of civilized society; and the European who would live there, must cast off the memory of all the delicacies, and even decencies, which he may previously have considered as forming part of the very condition of existence.

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* We wish we could procure a cross of this breed of American porters, to improve that of our Edinburgh caddies, whose motives, we regret to say, are of the very basest description, but fear, from the silence of recent travellers, they must have become extinct. Such porters are evidently too good for this wicked world.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1832.

THE ASTOUNDED DUTCHMEN.

It was about five-and-twenty years ago, as Hans Schlaffigkopf was sitting under an ancient buttonwood tree, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, and enjoying his afternoon pipe, that he was suddenly aroused from a comfortable reverie by the sight of a huge column of black smoke down the river, which ascended as it were from the very middle of the stream. It rose aloft in spiry folds, and left a long dark track behind it, as it seemed every moment to approach nearer and nearer to where the astonished Dutchman sat.

Hans at first opened his eyes to three times their usual width, to be positive in the first place that he was actually awake and not dreaming; and to be sure in the second place that his sense of seeing, if awake, had not in reality deceived him. Being satisfied that he was actually awake, and that the phenomenon, whatever it might be, was no dream, he began to draw in and puff out the smoke more furiously than his wont; and, instead of sending the curling fumes leisurely above his head, he blew them straight from him in a horizontal direction, like the fitful gusts of a dark northwester. Still he did not take his pipe from his mouth, or utter a word. It must be something more than an ordinary excitement that will draw forth a Dutchman's pipe in the midst of his afternoon's enjoyment, or induce him to speak a word more than is absolutely necessary for the transaction of his ordinary affairs.

But still as the black smoke seemed to roll up from the bed of the river, and approached nearer and nearer, Hans could not give vent to his astonishment by merely puffing more furiously than usual. He began to sit uneasily in his chair, to move this way and that, to stretch up his bull-neck to its utmost length, and to strain his eyes till they seemed to be turned nearly wrong side outwards. At length he could hold in no longer, but taking the pipe from his mouth, he exclaimed—

"Mein Gott!"

This pious ejaculation was all that escaped him at first, when resuming his pipe, he drew in and puffed out the fragrant fumes more fiercely than ever; and one would have supposed that he was attempting, by his counter-blasts, to blow away from before him the apparition of the column of smoke which arose from the river. But it would not do; he drew the pipe again from his mouth, started on his feet, and exclaimed—

"Donner and blitzen! Yasu Christ! Santa Claus! De Tyfel and all! vas ish dat for a shmoke comin de riffer up?—Vrouw! Vrouw! come here aus! De riffer is all a fire!"

His wife ran out, rubbing her eyes, for she too had been indulging in a half dreamy half smoky hour of afternoon's comfort. At first she could not distinctly see the object which had so startled the good man of the house; and, holding her hand over her eyes to keep out the declining sun, she ejaculated—

"Were—were is it, Hans?"

"Were!" exclaimed Schlaffigkopf, "is you blindt, vrouw, dat you can't zee de shmoke rollin from de riffer like twenty tousan Tyfels all shmokin deirn pipes at once!—Look! look, goody vrouw, if so pe you pe's not plindt altokether as one pat. Mein Gott! ton't you zee it comin de riffer up?"

The good vrouw at last got her eyes upon the phenomenon, and burst out with, "I zees it now, Hans! I zees it now as blain as de shmoke of ourn gimbley dop. Mein kracious! how it does roll and dumble up! You're right, Hans, de riffer is zure enuch all a fire. Wat shall we do, Hans?"

"Do!" exclaimed the good man, beginning again to smoke furiously, "wat can we do? If so pe de riffer purns up, it purns up—dere's no help for it."

"Yaw, mein good mann," returned the prudent wife, "put denn it will purn up ourn house too, wich is so near de riffer's pank. We must do someting, Hans. We must bump up de kreat scaldin hok tup full o' water, reatty to trow on wen de fire catches."

"Donner and blitz! vrouw—wat for a fool you be's! Tinks you one scaldin hok tup o' water will put out de riffer a fire? De Tyfel! woman, were is yourn nits kone a kaddin all to once?"

The good vrouw, without noticing this observation of her husband's, began to bustle about in good earnest, and to take measures for securing their house in case it should be necessary, by actually placing the large scalding-tub under the nozzle of the pump and filling it with water. As for Hans, he could do nothing but smoke furiously, and ejaculate at intervals, "Mein Gott!"—"Donner and blitz!"—"De Dyfel!"—and such like expressions, whereby he might pour out the wonderment with which his mind was affected.

After making preparations to extinguish the fire, Mrs. Schlaffigkopf, with the real communicative disposition of her sex, set out to inform her neighbors of the strange phenomenon of the Hudson being on fire. She had not gone half the distance, however, before she met the Widow Wundergeist, who, having herself discovered the wonderful affair, had on her part set out to communicate the news to her friends the Schlaffigkopfs. They both now made the best of their way to the house of Hans, who, fancying there was no use in running about the neighborhood, had resumed his seat, and was merely smoking and ejaculating by turns, according as the love of fumigation, or the excess of wonderment, chanced to obtain the mastery.

By this time the strange phenomenon had been discovered by the most of the neighborhood, and sundry persons, in running to communicate what each supposed would be news to all the rest, chanced to meet at the house of Hans Schlaffigkopf.

"Donner and blitz!" cried one—"wat for a shmokin furnace is dat down de riffer? Mein Gott! it rolls out more shmoke as dirty klass-house gimblies."

"De Tyfel!" exclaimed another—"Who effer zeen de like!—Hans, wat you tink o' dis, you lazy, shmokin hundt, you?"

"Wat I tink? Wy, I tinks de Tyfel is to pay, and no bitch hot."

By this time the alarming smoke had approached so near, that the wondering crowd on the bank could perceive that it did not arise immediately from the river, but that there was some species of water-craft underneath, from which it ascended. This discovery, however, did not in the least lessen their astonishment, especially when they saw the vessel come ploughing along against both wind and tide, which happened to be against her, and tossing from her prow the foaming waves, as if in mere sport and downright mockery of the opposing elements.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Hans, as she swept along, "it is de Vlyin Dutchman, comin de riffer up mitaus wings!"

"Furflucht and de Tyfel!" roared Fritz Kobbler—"how she does blough it along! She cares no more for wint or tite dan I do for a tram o' plack-strap. Mein kracious! and she's kot weels too. Who effer heert of a weel carritch on de water afore?"

"Wat a dall gimbley she's kot!" exclaimed the Widow Wundergeist.

"'Tis zurely de Tyfel's pack kitchin," said Heinrich Schnitzerschnutz. "'Tis no human fire wat can make a shmoke like dat. How it bours up, placker as a donner-gloud, and ticker as a hocksit o' molasses in de mittel of de winter!"

"Yasu Christ!" exclaimed the wife of Schnitzerschnutz—"wat a shmell o' primshtone it has!"

"Zure enuch," said the Widow Wundergeist, "it is de Evil One himself, koin up to Alpany. Look dere! don't you see de little imps o' tyfels on de teck, trest in men's and women's gloze?"

"Yaw, yaw, yaw," exclaimed a number of voices—"I zees 'em! I zees 'em! Dere dey are as tick as pees, shwarmin apout a hive."

"Wat shall we do?" asked one.

"Wy, you fool," said another, "let de tyfels ko to Alpany, were dey belong."

"Dat will neffer do," said a third—"dey will come pack upon us py and py mit all hell let loose, to plow us up and zink us in de riffer yust like notting at all. We must send dis minute for de Dominie to bray against 'em and breach 'em away."

"Yaw, yaw, yaw," exclaimed a majority of voices—"de Dominie is de man—de Dominie is de man. He can panish 'em mit a wort. He can zink 'em in de pottomless bit mit de opening of his mout. He is one powerful man—dat Dominie."

It was forthwith agreed to commit the strange craft, which was verily believed to be of infernal origin, to the handling of the neighboring clergyman, who was emphatically called the Dominie. Just as they had come to this conclusion, it chanced that the good man himself, who had also been attracted by the novelty, appeared among them. Being better informed than his parishioners, he endeavored to allay their apprehensions, to explain to them the probable nature of the new craft, and to assure them that, though it went against wind and tide, it was perfectly harmless. All his reasoning, however, was of no avail. Not one of his hearers would believe, that a vessel which went with wheels, vomited out smoke in such profusion, and had no regard to wind or tide, could be other than the property of his Satanic Majesty; and they insisted that the Dominie should take instant measures against the common enemy. Seeing he could prevail nothing against their prejudices, he had no other means of satisfying them, than by seeming to fall in with their views; and he accordingly engaged, as soon as he should retire to his home, to use all necessary means for the expulsion of the general foe. Thus assured, the company dispersed, some one way and some another, to spread the news, how the *Devil's Ship* had been seen on its way to Albany, where it was supposed it would make an attack on the city, and would finally prove a great annoyance to the good people on the banks of the Hudson, unless the ghostly measures in preparation should have the desired effect of driving it back to the regions from whence it came.

So astounding, to the honest Dutch inhabitants, was the apparition of the first STEAM BOAT.

MASKING IN HIGH LIFE.

In the Memoirs of Josephine we find the following amusing account of the emperor and empress of France, at the masked balls of Paris, in the winter of 1808. It shows that Josephine, in matters of this kind at least, was the better politician:—

"Napoleon, contrary to his usual prejudice against such disguisements, resolving to be present and to *dance* at one of these, ordered ten different dresses to be carried into the apartment allotted him. These were in succession assumed, and ten different times the wearer was detected. At supper, the same evening, after his return, the emperor was relating to Berthier, Mortier, Duroc, and other officers present, the history of his unfortunate masqueradings, at the same time laughing very heartily at his want of success in *unplaying the emperor*. "Do you know, gentlemen," continued Napoleon, "that I was regularly discovered by a young lady, who seemed to be an accomplished intriguer; and yet, would you believe it, I could never recognise the *flirt?*" Here the empress could no longer restrain herself. It was Josephine herself who had at once detected her spouse, and piqued his curiosity. During the carnival of the same winter, masked balls at the opera were described as very amusing; and the empress entreated Napoleon to take her to see one, but received a positive denial. "Well, I shall go without you, *mon ami.*" "As you please," said the emperor, as he rose from the breakfast-table. At the appointed hour Josephine kept her word; but no sooner had she set off for the ball than Napoleon, sending for one of her femmes-de-chambre, informed himself exactly of the empress's costume, and followed. This time every precaution was taken against discovery. The emperor, with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all in dominoes, entered a plain carriage, and, *arm in arm*, made their appearance in the ball-room. It had also been agreed that they should address each other by feigned names; Napoleon was *Auguste*, Duroc *François*, and so on. They traversed the whole apartment undiscovered, examined the personages present, but could find no one in the slightest degree resembling the empress. Napoleon, greatly alarmed, was on the point of quitting the place, when a mask, approaching, began to address him with a liveliness and wit that left him little chance of a reply. Perceiving the imperial embarrassment, the unknown redoubled exertions; repartee followed close upon repartee; one portrait succeeded to another as the originals passed; while a state secret, of no importance in itself, though startling in its repetition, occasionally whispered in his ear, made Napoleon exclaim, "*Comment, diable!* who are you?" The mask would laugh and recommence. After thus tormenting him for some half hour's space, the unknown suddenly disappeared in the crowd. The emperor's curiosity was very strongly excited, but he had had enough, and left the place in no good humor. On arriving at the palace he found the empress had retired for the night. Next morning, upon seeing Josephine,—"Well," said he, "so you were not at the ball last night?"—"Yes, indeed."—"Now, Josephine!"—"I assure you I was there. And you, *mon ami,*" inquired the empress, with a half suppressed smile, "what were you doing all the evening?"—"I was at work in my cabinet," said Napoleon, quite coolly. "Oh, *Auguste!*" replied the empress, with an arch gesture,—and the whole secret was divulged. Napoleon enjoyed greatly this practical joke, which had so completely turned the tables against his own contrivance. It appeared that the empress, disliking her first choice, had changed her costume, and despite all his precautions, recognised Napoleon by his foot and boot."

HORSE.—An oblong frame, set upon four legs, strongly hooped about the middle, accommodated with a head, and, for the most part, ornamented with a tail. Over this frame is drawn a skin, which serves as a sort of drum, usually beaten by a musician with one stick, who at the same time *accompanies the* instrument with his voice. Frames of this description were originally used for the reception of hay and oats, but that use is now exploded. They have mostly the power of locomotion, in some degree; and, it is said, were originally endued with feeling. Frames of this sort, fastened side by side, may be seen, at almost any time of the day, in Broadway and sundry other streets, prefixed to some four-wheeled vehicle—either a stage or a hackney-coach—and to these specimens would we particularly refer the reader for an illustration.

HOG.—A species of animals having a natural kink in their tails, and employed in New York in the capacity of scavengers. They are said to be restricted by law to that part of the island above Grand-street, but are known actually to enjoy the freedom of the whole city. The term hog is also used as an adjective in the superlative degree, with the prefix of the word whole; and is particularly popular among politicians. Indeed the compound word *whole-hog* originated among that class of gentlemen, some four or five years since; and we believe is not to be found even in the latest edition of Noah Webster.

MRS. TROLLOPE says—"During my abode in the country (U. S.), I not only never met a literary man who was a tobacco chewer or a whiskey drinker, but I never met any who were not, that had escaped these degrading habits."

What an immense number of literary characters there must be in these United States, if every man who is a non-tobacco chewer and a non-whiskey drinker, is to be reckoned in the class of the literati! But the amiable *Trollope*, whether in praise or censure, does tell prodigious stories.

NIMROD AND THE KENTUCKIANS.—Mr. Hackett has published an article in the Baltimore Gazette; wherein he denies the statement of the Louisville paper that the Kentuckians were about "rowing him up Salt River," provided he had not desisted from playing the character of Nimrod Wildfire; and he declares that his reception among them, from the commencement to the termination of his engagement was of the most flattering character; and that whe he appeared on the stage in the part of Wildfire, he was received with uninterrupted peals of laughter.

Proof of being Righteous.—A man, last winter, or some other time when the weather was frosty, coming out of a tavern a little "blue," lost his footing, and came down plump on the door-step. Endeavoring to regain his feet, he said—"We read that the wicked *stand* on slippery places. I, therefore, must be one of the righteous; *for, hang me, if I can stand!*"

The Weather.—Many a liquid paragraph has flown from the quills of our brother editors anent the late everlasting dripping weather; and much ink-shed within doors has been the consequence of the perpetual water-shed without. As for the weatherwise—at least those who were once so—they are all mute as a fish. They dare no longer prophecy what will be on the morrow. If, however, by any means you can get them to utter a word, it will merely be, with a lugubrious air and a shrug of the shoulders, "We shall have a long spell of weather yet!" This is the utmost they hazard on the subject.

Nobody seems to be pleased with these dripping times, except the ducks, the owners of hackney coaches, and the dealers in umbrellas. But we will say no more on the subject at present, lest the weather, which is declared on all hands to be capricious, should take it into its head to change before this sage paragraph is fairly printed and laid before our readers.

NATURAL vs. ARTIFICIAL.

> Thais habet nigros, niveos Lecania, dentes.
> Quæ ratio est? emptos hæc habet illa suos.
> MARTIAL.

Thais has teeth as white as snow,
While black as soot are Lydia's shown:
The reason wherefore, would you know?
That buys her teeth; this wears her own.

Discarded Daughter.—Mr. Pirsson's Comedy, by this title, has just been published by William Stodart, 6 Courtlandt-street. Of its literary and dramatic excellencies our readers have some of them had an opportunity to judge, from its representation at Richmond Hill; and those who have not, we recommend to purchase and read it.

Important, if True.—The statue of St. Paul, at the church of that name in Broadway, is said, on very creditable authority, to come down from his niche every time he hears the clock, in the tower at the other end, strike THIRTEEN.

A Doctor in Hamburg is said to have invented a surgical instrument, with which a diseased leg may be amputated *in less than a second.* "Tell that to the marines!"

For the Constellation.

ON A WITHERED VIOLET.

Pale firstling of the dawning year,
That bloomed amidst the lowering shade,
How short and lowly thy career,
By ruthless winds now prostrate laid!
Scarce on thy lone and modest form,
Had Spring her flatt'ring smile revealed,
Ere passing Winter's rushing storm,
The sources of thy life congealed.

Thus when some creature lifts its head,
Meekly above surrounding clay,
With friendship's beam but barely shed,
In particles to cheer the way;
The world with desolating power
And fiendish joy pours poisoned breath,
Cuts off its prospects in an hour,
And blasts its fairest dreams in death. J.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXI.

Duke de Liancourt.—I boarded for a short time in the same house at New York with this *ci-devant* nobleman, and could not but admire the composed philosophy with which he bore so great a change in his situation and circumstances:—from the possession of more than £100,000 sterling yearly he was reduced to live without a servant. As he was one day brushing his clothes, he observed with a cheerful countenance, that had it not been for the revolution in France, he should never have known how easy it was to wait upon himself.—*Harriott's "Struggles through Life."*

Knight the Comedian.—One evening, during this performer's minority, after playing Sylvester Daggerwood and Lingo at Utoxeter, he was agreeably surprised by a note requesting his attendance at the inn adjoining the theatre, and intimating that he would receive information for the improvement of his theatrical pursuits. Every thing was of course neglected for this important interview. He flew to the inn, and was most cordially received by an unknown, grave-looking gentleman, whose inflexible steadiness of face could not give the least suspicion of a jest. After the usual compliments, the stranger politely assured him that he had received much pleasure from his performance, and was determined to put him in a situation where his talents might be shewn to advantage. Knight stammered forth his gratitude, and had all ears open for the reception of this benefit. The stranger proceeded to inform him, that his name was Philips, and that he was well known to Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre. "Now, Sir," he added, "you have only to make use of my name, which I fully authorise you to do, and you may rely upon being well received. Say that I have seen you on the stage, and declared my satisfaction of your performance."

This was indeed valuable information, and our hero expressed in the most lively terms his sense of the obligation. To be thus unexpectedly transported from a paltry stage at Utoxeter, to the second provincial theatre in the kingdom, was certainly most gratifying to his feelings. The increase of salary which such a change promised (his weekly stipend being then but *twelve shillings*), was not among the least pleasing consequences of his promotion.

The next morning, in pursuance of the resolutions of the night before, a very polite letter was written to the York manager making the tender of his services, and not in the least doubting their acceptance, for the name of his new ally formed the most prominent feature in the epistle. In a few days our comedian received an answer to his letter classed in the following style:

"Sir,—I am not acquainted with any Mr. Philips except a rigid quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre. I don't want you. TATE WILKINSON."

This was certainly a mortifying repulse. His air-formed schemes at once melted into nothing, and the failure was the more painful, as it was totally unexpected. In the bitterness of his anger, he wrote a second letter to the manager:

"Sir,—I should as soon think of applying to a methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson. I don't want to come. EDW. KNIGHT."

This letter was too much in Wilkinson's own peculiar style to meet with an unfavorable reception. Nothing, however, resulted from it during a whole year, which he passed with the old company; at the expiration of that period, however, he was agreeably surprised by a second letter, in brevity and elegance no wise inferior to the fotmer, but the matter of it sounded much sweeter to our hero's ears. The following is as near as possible a literal transcript:

"Mr. Methodist Parson,—I have a living which produces twenty-five shillings per week—Will you hold forth? TATE WILKINSON."

It is needless to add that a second invitation was unnecessary.—*Memoirs of K. Theat. Inquis.*

Cowley is ludicrously anxious to prove in his "Davideis" that David had yellow hair, because he had himself, as appears from his "Mistress."

"If yellow hair'd, I love, lest it should be,
Th' excuse to others for not loving me."

Cabinet, April 1809.

Tartar Women.—They never appear in public without veils, by which not only the face, but the whole of the head and the upper part of the body are concealed, and as if these were insufficient to protect them from observation, they no sooner behold a man, than they hang their heads and endeavor to escape notice by flight. An English servant brought by Admiral Mordvinof into the Crimea, deemed it an act of rudeness to give them the trouble to run away on his account. On such occasions, therefore, he adopted the practice of covering his face, and hiding himself in the first place he could find. This passed unnoticed for some time; at length the women, when they met him, let fall a portion of their veils, but this only caused him to run faster. Such conduct excited their curiosity more than ever, and at last they fairly hunted him. After following him in parties to his hiding place with their veils off, they were resolved to question a man, who concealed his face at the approach of a woman; and actually demanded an explanation of his unaccountable behaviour.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

Letter Writing.—Pope's letters, though extremely elegant, are failures as letters. He wrote them to the world, not to his friends; and they have therefore, very much the air of universal secrets.—Swift has recorded his own sour mind in many a bitter espistle; and his correspondence remains a stern and brief chronicle of the time in which he lived. Cowper has unwittingly beguiled us of many a long hour, by his letters to Lady Hesketh, and in them we see the fluctuations of his melancholy nature more plainly than in all the biographical dissertations of his affectionate editor. But we must not make catalogues, nor indulge longer in this eulogy on letter writing. We take a particular interest, we confess, in what is thus spoken aside, as it were, and without a consciousness of being overheard; and there is a spirit and freedom in the tone of works written for the post, which is scarcely ever to be found in those written for the press. We are more edified by one letter of Cowper than we should be by a week's confinement and hard labour in the metaphysical Bridewell of Mr. Coleridge; and a single letter from the pen of Gray is worth all the pedlar-reasoning of Mr. Wordsworth's Eternal Recluse, from the hour he first squats himself down in the sun, to the end of his preaching. In the first, we have the light, unstudied pleasantries of a wit and a man of feeling—in the last, we are talked out of all patience by an arrogant old proser, and buried in a heap of the most perilous stuff and the most dusty philosophy.—*Edin. Rev.* 12. 29.

Witches.—Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, tells her, "It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practise farther than upon the subject." John Bell, minister of the gospel at Glaidsmuir, says, "Providentially two tests appeared to discover the crime." If the witch cries out, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" when apprehended; and the inability of shedding tears; because, as a witch could only shed three tears, and those with her left eye, her stock was quickly exhausted: and that was the more striking, as King James I. shrewdly observes, "since other woman in general are like the crocodile, ready to weep upon every slight occasion."

Slavonian Music.—The Slavonians, the ancestors of the modern Russians, were passionately fond of music. In the sixth century they told the Emperor of Constantinople that music was their greatest pleasure, and that even in their journeys they seldom carried arms, but always lutes and harps of their own workmanship. Not only in the tranquillity of peace, and when in their own country, but even in their warlike expeditions, and when in sight of their enemies, they indulged themselves in singing and making merry. Procopius tells us that, when attacked by night, in the year 592, by a Greek general, the Slavi were so engrossed by their amusements as to be defeated before they could make any defence. There are many popular songs now extant in Lusatia, Luxemburgh, and Dalmatia, which appear very ancient; and so do many Russian couplets, still current, in which the gods of the Danube and of Paganism are celebrated.—*Hist. of Music.—Constable's Miscellany.*

Painted Windows.—The great church at Gouda, in Holland, is splendidly embellished with painted windows, which, about the year 1555, were executed by various artists, the most celebrated among whom were Dirk and Walter Crabeth. The one among the windows, which is the most highly esteemed, was painted by the first mentioned of these two brothers; and Mr. Hollis mentions, as evidence of the value placed upon this work of art, that for the lower part of this window, about twenty feet square, Mr. Trevor, some time English resident at the Hague, in vain offered to give a solid plate of gold of the same surface, and of the thickness of three Dutch guilders.—*Cabinet Cylopædia.—Treatise on the Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass.*

From the Boston Centinel and Paladium.

TO MISS HUGHES.

Oh, grant, ye nine! I may not fall
To shame, when I my goose-quill use!
For although to my *muse* I call
In truth, I call not to *a-muse*.

Around my subject, Cupid! fling
The brightest colors art can choose—
While some, *fair hues of beauty* sing
I sing the *beauty of fair Hughes*.

And all the world shall hear my strains,
By the seraphic beauty fired—
I'll clime me to a *steeple top*,
There, heard by all, I'll sing *in-spired*.

Those glossy tresses, love that shine
To glad all hearts, from box to box—
Would I might *steal one* curl of thine!
That thief-like I might *pick thy locks*.

Can any envious one upbraid
Thy *motions* never scanned before?
Can there be *railing* at those *steps*,
That bring me to *a-dore*?

Then haste; engage an early seat
And mind you've cash enough to nick it;
For Craft, I need not now repeat,
Allows no *ticking* to a *ticket*. L. FIN.

As the Summer months approach we may anticipate the midnight breathings of the flute, sighing under lattices where beauty sleeps and dreams. That there may be no mistake about the window or the house, or the disposition of the inmate, we commend the following from "P's and Q's" as cautionary:

THE SERENADE.

I'm almost tired of waiting here—
"Awake, my love! arise!"
Here, like a sleepless tabby cat,
I'm howling to the skies.

The stars are twinkling merrily,
But they no answer make;
Inferior, they resign to thee—
"Arise, my love! awake!"

But soft—the lattice opes—"My love—
What is my love's decree?"
[Black girl at the window.]

"My missy wish you go away,
And let her quiet be."

[Exit Serenader, singing "Hey, Betty Martin."]

Boston Transcript.

From the Courier & Enquirer.

The following resolutions were intended to be introduced by a member of the Common Council at the late meeting of the Board:

Resolved, That during the season usually alloted the good citizens of Gotham for burning their straw beds in the streets—the lighting of the city lamps is a useless expense and therefore be discontinued.

Resolved, That all bonfires be, at least, 20 feet apart, and in no instance more than 70 be kindled within the beat of any one watchman.

Resolved, That any cartman, or other person detected in the act of purloining, stealing, or removing the city manure be fined in the sum of $100, and compelled to restore the same to the respective streets or side valks from which he had illegally removed it.

Resolved, That all shopkeepers and dealers in any kind of goods, who are in the habit of keeping open their doors and windows for the purpose of admitting the light and dry particles of said city manure, be required to collect the same from the shelves and counters and restore it to the corporation and contractors under the severest penalties of the law.

Resolved, That all street loungers and passengers of every sex, age and description, who may have become possessed of a more or less quantity of said commodity in their hats and clothes, are hereby required to send their garments to be beaten, dusted, and brushed on the sunken lots and low grounds belonging to the corporation, in order that such unregulated property may be speedily and completely filled.

Resolved, That all carpets be shaken at the same place, inasmuch as the act of shaking disturbs and wastes the precious compost when performed in the public streets.

Resolved, That all good citizens, on the appearance of rain, be requested to collect the dirt opposite their respective tenements, and store it in their houses until the return of fair weather, when it must be carefully deposited in its usual place, in order that it be not diluted and carried off by the wash from the gutters.

Resolved, That in the future contest of speed between the different lines of Greenwich stages, a two horse team shall be allowed to come in six lengths behind a four horse stage; and that the space between the City Hall and Chamber st shall be considered a *distance*.

Resolved, That persons in the habit of *breaking* horses in Broadway, do it, if convenient to themselves, exclusively in the afternoon.

Resolved, That the sales of household furniture be confined to the public street.

Resolved, That the Board appoint twelve officers for each block, whose duty it shall be to *overlook* the infractions of corporation ordinances. "BRAY."

On the 17th April, the Cincinnati American was issued as a *Daily* evening paper. The Raleigh N. C. Register has this comment on the fact. "A third daily paper has just been commenced at Cincinnati—the principal city of a State which came into existence between thirty and forty years ago: yet N. Carolina, one of the old *thirteen States* is not able to support one *semi-weekly* paper! To what is this great difference owing? The soil and climate of the latter, is in all respects equal if not superior to the former." The writer then proceeds to inquire if any other reason can be given "for the great increase and prosperity of the one, and the stationary and inert character of the other, than that the State of Ohio is inhabited alone by industrious active *Freemen*; and the population of North Carolina, is clogged with that bane of prosperity—*Slavery*." This may be the true explanation in part of the difference between the prosperity of Ohio and N. Carolina, but other causes doubtless operate, and something else than the mere extinction of Slavery will, we think, be required to make any town in North Carolina able in thirty or forty years to support three daily papers.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON.

This work is just published by Messrs. Harper. It is thus noticed by a contemporary.

"Of this work our readers have already seen some attractive specimens. They may now, if so disposed, possess themselves of it entire. Meantime we shall give such an account of it as circumstances permit. It is anonymous, but is commonly ascribed to Mr. Trelawney, known to our readers in connexion with Lord Byron; and from the works of the latter and Shelley, the mottoes of his chapters are almost exclusively drawn. The volumes purport to be an autobiography, and one of the London critics remarks,—we suspect that Mr. T. has acted much that he has recounted, and seen what he has described. He commences thus: "My birth was unpropitious. I came into the world branded and denounced as a vagrant; for I was a younger son of a family so proud of their antiquity that even gout and mortgaged estates were traced many generations back on the genealogical tree, as ancient heirlooms of aristocratic origin, and therefore reverenced. In such a house a younger son was like the cub of a felon-wolf in good King Edgar's days, when a price was set upon his head." From this bold starting point, the writer proceeds in unscrupulous narration of the neglects and abuses which marked his childhood, and under which he became a reckless and lawless spirit. Transferred, with the reproaches of his father for a character his father's treatment had mainly contributed to form, to the severities of a subordinate station in the navy, and these ultimately aggravated by the collisions between his rebellious and uncontrollable temper and the malice of a superior whom he delighted in tormenting, the younger son when scarcely grown to manhood, having first satiated his revenge on the object of his hate, deserted his ship in India, and associating himself with a congenial soul, became an adventurous freebooter in the higher grades of the vocation. The memoirs founded on such a life are marked, it may be supposed, with scenes and events of a very striking cast, both fascinating and revolting. The book therefore has few of the traits of common novels, and if not a true history in the main, reads much like one. Its writer has a style well adapted to his subjects. More animated sketches are not often found than his pen has afforded, and there is an acuteness of observation and originality about the work, of the most attractive character. In the sentiments advanced there is much to instruct; and if the moral tone be not at all times correct, the language occasionally coarse, and scenes depicted which do no credit to the human race, it must be remembered where and whence they are produced, and the dross be overlooked for the rich ore with which it is intermingled. There is at least a candid, sailor-like honesty in it all, which gives it much redemption."—*Atlas.*

PERISHING WITH THIRST.

The description which follows is from the second volume.

"A long-continued gale of wind drove us down towards the coast of New-Holland. When it had broken, and while we were labouring in the heavy swell which followed, we discerned a small boat, evidently in distress, and we wore down to her aid. Owing to the swell, and the wind having moderated, it was some time ere the grab succeeded in getting alongside of her, to take her crew on board, which consisted of four sailors and a master's mate. They belonged to an English frigate, which, having captured a small brigantine, had put them on board to take charge of her. The prize had been separated from the frigate by a white squall in the straits of Sunda, damaged in her masts and rigging. A north wester, against which they could make no head, had driven them a long way to the south-east. In this hapless state, their old and crazy bark had been struck about by a heavy sea, which had loosened her stern-post, and shattered the framework in her stern. The water poured in so fast, that it was only by the greatest promptitude and dexterity they had succeeded in getting a clumsy boat, which lay amidships, afloat, just as their vessel foundered. They had no time to secure anything but themselves; a boy and two men were drowned, probably in attempting to save something. The boat was as old and worthless as the vessel to which she belonged; and, till she was somewhat seasoned in the water, they were all occupied in baling with their caps, and in stuffing, with rags and oar-oakum, the crevices and rents which the sun had made. Fortunately the boat, as she lay on board, had been used as a receptacle for spare canvass, oars, light sails, the fag ends of ropes, and, what was now of far greater importance, a coop with six ducks, an old grisly he-goat, and a hen, that had demurely laid its egg, as an offering for its undisturbed sanctuary in the sheltered part of the bow, where it had probably roosted for years in solitary security. The seamen thanked Providence as they beheld their live-stock. Being up to their knees in water, dripping with water, water having destroyed their vessel, and now threatening to overwhelm them in its foaming billows, and with an ocean of water all around them, some time elapsed ere the awful words were uttered, 'There is no fresh water in the boat!' Every voice echoed, in preternatural sounds, 'There is no fresh water!' Every eye wildly glanced at the boat, and around the sea, and again was despondingly muttered, 'There is no water! Oh, God! we must perish!'

Anticipated thirst soon parched their lips, and their stout hearts quailed. Other dangers, past and present, were forgotten. A leaky, rent, misshapen boat, hardly big enough to contain their diminished crew, as it lay floundering in the trough of the sea, like a harpooned porpoise, was nothing,—if they had but water. Fortunately their officer, though the youngest among them, was the ablest and manliest, at least in mind; by which boon, nature had amply compensated him for a somewhat slender and delicate form. He had a spirit greater than was contained in the broad breasts of the brawniest and the bulkiest. Evil fortune had persecuted him in many shapes; she kept him at the bottom of her wheel, but could not crush him. He rallied the sunken spirits of his men; he told them they were near land; they had sails; there was wind enough to fill them; the boat, though broken, was buoyant; they were few in number; thirst could be borne for days; besides, they had live stock, and their blood was nearly as refreshing as water; and the clouds gave promise of rain. The men knew their officer, and had confidence in him. His calmness and fearless bearing did more than his words. The hopes he had so confidently expressed seemed realized. They grew calm, and their reason and obedience were restored.

The mate having succeeded, if not in rendering his boat water tight, yet in diminishing the leaks, so that it required [but] occasional baling, next set about putting sail on the boat. For this purpose he selected an old flying jib, and, with a broken studding sail-boom for a mast, contrived the best and safest form of carrying canvass that could possibly be contrived, representing what sailors call a shoulder-of-mutton rig, the larger part (or the body of the sail) being in the body of the boat. To be driven in the South Indian ocean, a desert world of waters, was certain and inevitable destruction. In order to avoid this, it was necessary, at all risks, to haul his wind as much as possible to the eastward, with an oar for a rudder. With consummate skill he in some degree effected this; but it required an unerring eye and steady hand to keep his rickety and rudderless boat from being buried beneath the threatening waves, or capsized by the furious blasts which swept over it. They had neither compass, chart, nor instruments to guide them on their lonely way; nothing but the sun—the latter, glaring and fiery, they hardly dared to look at. Their only hope was to make one of the Sunda Islands, or, failing in that, the coast of New Holland, or to be met by some wandering bark.

Thus day and night they toiled on, laving, at long intervals, their white and parched lips with the blood of the panting goat, which was itself expiring for want of moisture. Every glazed eye scrutinized, with horrible precision, the accuracy of the measured allowance, apparently numbering the red drops, as meted out by the officer in scanty portions. The animal was then cut up, and its interior, which still contained jellied blood and some moisture, was balanced and divided with the care and exactitude with which a miser weighs his gold. The mate said he merely extracted the fluid, chewing, but not swallowing the substance, and endeavoured to impress on his comrades the advantage of following his example. A few did, but the greater part could not control the fierceness of famine raging in their vitals. 'At this,' the mate added, 'from the torture I experienced, I did not wonder; but the event proved I was in the right. For, by not eating, I endured thirst better; and after a few days I had no inclination to eat, feeling a relief by keeping some substance in my mouth, no matter what, to chew;—tobacco, of which there was a little, was the best. We all watched with painful and intense anxiety the formation and changes of the clouds. Every speck in the heavens was commented on and scrutinized in form, density, and altitude. At last, after successive hopes and disappointments, our eyes dim and our hearts sick, we beheld a dark and heavy cloud, evidently surcharged with rain, coming towards us. Those who have seen, or can conceive, the exhausted pilgrim, parched and perishing on a desert, wading through shifting sands, with feeble gait and maddening brain, when his wistful and eager eyes catch a first glimpse of the distant well, may faintly imagine what were our sensations. When the first drop touched our shrivelled lips, and fell on our throbbing temples, every gasping mouth was distended wide to heaven for the falling manna; our parched throats heaved and swelled like the waves. Fervent prayers were uttered by men who would have died in battle blaspheming;—but they availed not; the watery cloud on which their lives were suspended mockingly displayed its riches, niggardly sprinkled them with a few scanty drops, as a sample of the inestimable treasure it contained, and fleeted onwards, till they beheld it mingle its waters in waste,—in the briny ocean! They covered in despair their inflamed eyes with their cracked and spongy hands, and groaned in agony!'

But who can go on describing tortures such as those men endured, every instant augmenting, comprising an eternity of immitigable suffering, though marked in the calendar but as seven days and seven hours?—a space so fleeting to the free and happy that it passes by and is scarcely noted, while on these forlorn seamen seven days did the work of seventy years. With rheumed, glassy, blood-shot eyes, haggard, wrinkled, and hollow cheeks, sunken mouth, swollen, slaty, and cracked lips, contracted nostrils, thinned and whitened hair, collapsed muscles, feeble and tottering gait, sepulchral and inarticulate voices, gabbling more like brutes than men; can the extremest age to which human existence has yet been stretched, with all its withering palsy and impotency, do more? In seven days and a few hours, youth, intellect, strength, were thus blasted! Let me be scorched to death in a volcano, blown into the air from a cannon, buried alive in the earth, drowned in water, but let me not die by wanting it!

Two, in their phrensy, threw themselves into the sea, slaked their thirst in its briny waters, and died under its cool canopy. One, after lying in idiotic insensibility, burst into fierce, yelling madness, tore the living flesh from his limbs, sucked his own blood, lay down, slept, and awoke no more. Four, besides the officer, remained on the seventh day. The sky, the ocean, the boat, every thing looked burning red and fiery. They had no hope, when on the morning of the eighth day we rescued them from their shattered boat. What a crazed, wild, and ghastly band were they!—more like corpses uncoffined than living men. The weakest of the party, the mate, seemed alone to have retained his senses. After he was hoisted on the decks, and had collectedly looked around, he said, 'We are dying the death of the damned!—Give my men water!' Then, as if his last duty was performed, he pointed to his frothy lip, but could not speak; and the spirit, which had borne him up while contending with danger, now released from its post of duty, seemed to flee away, and his body sunk down lifeless." * *

THE FOUR WIVES.

From the Atlas.

A notice of the "Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas," written by himself, and just published in London, enables us to present some entertaining narratives and anecdotes to the readers of the Atlas.

"This is a curious production, and of very singular person, whose various adventures and length of years have afforded him much to tell in the way of amusing autobiography. He seems to belong to two generations; a cadet and officer in the Seven Years' War, we find him in these Memoirs, at the age of threescore and ten, marrying his fourth wife, like a patriarch of old.

Of high Scottish lineage, both on his father and his mother's side, Sir James Campbell, born in October 1745 old style, was the eldest son of seventeen children of Callander of Craigforth; and only succeeded to the name and title he now bears on the death of his cousin-german, Sir Alexander Campbell, about twenty years ago. He himself, as we have mentioned, carried four wives, and had children by them all; so that we may consider this to be not the least prolific race in Scotland. His first lady was a Miss Forbes, whom he married at Geneva in 1769, and who died within two years, having had two children. His second was Miss Dutens, in 1772, who only survived the birth of a daughter, and left Major Callander again a widower. His third wife was Lady Elizabeth Macdonnell, sister of the Earl of Antrim, whom he married in Dublin in 1777, by whom he had six sons and daughters—two of the latter, Caroline and Frances, having married the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Sir James Graham. The fourth wife, the present Lady Campbell, so made in 1815, was Miss Des[illegible], the daughter of a Parisian banker, who also has several children to our bold and patriarchal baronet.

We have noticed that the family history is not quite so entertaining as the more general anecdotes; yet there is something so characteristic in some of these matrimonial accounts that we will venture to begin our extracts with them.

First Marriage.—"In a narrative which professes to be full and faithful, not merely as to events and circumstances, but as to sentiments and feelings, I should sooner, perhaps, have made the confession that I have always had a *tendre* for the sex. It was not, however, until after I had been some time oppressed with the tedium and monotony of garrison-duty, that I seriously began to turn my attention to the subject of matrimony. Under the influence of these prepossessions, I soon afterwards met with Christiana Forbes, the daughter of George Forbes, Esq. of Tiree, and sister to the paymaster-general of the forces at Minorca, who, after the ordinary course of events in matters of this kind, made me happy by the possession of her hand."

Second Marriage.—"Soon after my arrival in England, I was promoted, in the ordinary course of seniority, to a lieutenant colonelcy in the army, and with my usual frankness of acknowledgement, I must here confess that, during my stay in London, I entered with alacrity into all the gaities and pleasures of the town. One evening at the opera, in company with Colonel Stafford, who was generally known by the name of Count Stafford, a lady, whom neither of us knew, made a considerable impression upon me. Piqued by some observation which fell from Colonel Stafford, I offered him a wager, the amount of which I forgot, that I should make her acquaintance in three days. She was accompanied by a lady some years older than herself; and, at the end of the opera, I saw them enter a carriage distinguished by a lozenge. On this I gave a chairman a guinea, with the promise of a second, on his telling me next morning where the two ladies were set down, and to whom the carriage belonged. Next morning, accordingly, I received the intelligence that the two ladies were the daughters of Mrs. Dutens, the widow of the jeweller of the court, who had been of French extraction, and had died some time before, leaving a considerable fortune, with a family of three children, consisting of a son and two daughters. I shall not fatigue the reader with a detail of the circumstances which arose out of this adventure. Suffice it to say that I won my wager of Colonel Stafford, and in ten days afterwards was married, by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Henrietta Dutens, the younger of the two ladies who had attracted our attention at the opera. In addition to her personal attractions, I found my wife to be possessed of many amiable qualities, and of accomplishments which made me very much her debtor."

Third Marriage.—"Dining one day at the castle, I found myself seated by a young lady, whose acquaintance I had thus the happiness to make. She was the youngest sister of the Earl of Antrim, afterwards advanced to a marquisate—the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Macdonnell. In due time the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and, in the ordinary course of such events, the lady became my wife. The marriage ceremony took place during the earl's absence from Ireland, in the house of Lady Elizabeth's stepmother, the dowager countess, who had no family, and who afterwards bequeathed a legacy of £6000 to Lady Elizabeth's children. The knot was tied by the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dean Bailie. * * * The first year of our marriage I played a good deal at the castle, as every body then did; and with such good fortune, that at the end of the year I found myself a winner of some £2000. At Daly's Club my luck was not so good; there, I think, I left a few hundreds."

Fourth Marriage.—"On the 3d Feb 1815, I was married to my present wife; she was then about nineteen years of age, and the eldest daughter of my old friend M. [illegible], the banker, who had often assisted me in my greatest need, and did what he could to restore me to liberty and [illegible]. On the day of our marriage we set out for Beauvais, and remained there for six weeks."

ANECDOTES

OF GENERAL SCOTT, AND BETTING.—"In all my intercourse with General Scott, I found him uniformly good-natured and obliging. When I received my commission, the regiment was stationed at Coventry, and he was so good as to carry me with him when it became my duty to join. As an instance of his easy disposition, considering the style of play to which he is understood to have been accustomed, I may mention how much he seemed to enjoy himself with his officers at a rubber of sixpenny whist. He seemed on all occasions to be perfectly sensible of the evils of gaming; and, as far as his influence could be supposed to operate, he discouraged it earnestly and systematically. On one occasion, I remember, when walking out with one or two of his junior officers, whom he believed to be addicted to play, the conversation chanced to turn on the odd appearance of a dog kennel, and on the form and number of the tiles with which it was covered. It was proposed by some one as the subject of a bet, which, with some people in the world, is admitted at all times as a succedaneum or a stimulant to conversation, that the General would not name a number so near to the true one as he who proposed the wager. This led to a sort of sweepstakes of a considerable amount, when each of the gentlemen having made his nomination, some were found to be above, and some below the mark; but the number named by the general was observed to be precisely the true one. 'Now,' said he, 'my young friends, observe the disadvantages which you must ever encounter, if you allow yourselves to hazard your money so easily. In making the bet with you I had one small advantage which another might not have acknowledged; *I counted the tiles of the dog-kennel yesterday morning*!'"

OF A SCOTCH GUDE-WIFE.—"As I had now been employed for three years on General Mostyn's staff, and had applied myself with considerable assiduity to study the duties of a military engineer, I had made a collection of plans, positions, attacks, fortifications, and sieges, with other objects of interest in this department, on which I placed a great value. Having preserved them with the greatest care, I deposited them for safety in my father's house; but on my return to Scotland some years afterwards, I found, to my great mortification, that my honoured and worthy mother, from their lying so long unemployed in the cases in which I had left them, thought that in papering a tea closet, they might be applied to a purpose both useful and ornamental. I could not seriously blame her for this little mistake, since, although she was the mother of several pretty good soldiers, she never applied herself to the study of military tactics."

OF LORD GEORGE LENNOX.—"The French king was at this period disposed to evince, on many public occasions, the dislike he entertained for the English nation; but in selecting Lord George Lennox as the object of his severe observations, he found a person who was not disposed to brook indignity from the *grand monarque* himself. Sitting one evening at supper, the subject of the distinctions of rank, as observed in different countries, and particularly in England, was introduced by the king, who, in the course of it, turned abruptly round to the English ambassador, who was standing at his right hand, and said to him, '*Vous n'etes milord que par courtesie.*' To this Lord George answered with great readiness, '*Oui, sire; mais je suis ne prince.*'"

Of Lord Carhampton and Colonel Luttrel.—"The father and son had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. 'If you can again forget that I am your father, such were the words of this extraordinary message, 'I expect you to meet me,' &c. &c. The answer of Colonel Luttrel was not less extraordinary. 'My Lord,' he said, 'I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father.'"

Of Lord Tyrawley.—"The corporation of Bath had become dissatisfied with the part he had taken in public affairs, after he had been for some time their representative, and sent him a letter of remonstrance on the subject, to which he laconically replied—'Mr. Mayor and Corporation, ye rascals, I bought ye, and by —— I'll sell ye.'"

Of Lord North.—"On our arrival in town, Lord Antrim announced the circumstance to Lord North, who appointed an interview for the following morning, at twelve, at his residence in Downing-street. We found the minister in his cabinet, sitting in a [illegible] dressing-gown and slippers. Lord Antrim had a becoming notion of his own dignity: and on observing the costume of the minister, I saw that he drew himself up, with an expression on his countenance, which Lord North endeavoured to remove, by saying, 'Don't be surprised to find me in this dress. I was called out of my bed, at four o'clock this morning, by an express from Spain, and I have not yet had time to drink a dish of tea.' He then entered on the subject for which the interview had been desired, and I must say discovered a very intimate acquaintance with the general state of Ireland. He made a number of pointed and pertinent inquiries, and afterwards called in his secretary to take down the answers he had received."

Of a Sceptical Bishop.—"My worthy relative Lord Antrim had never been deeply read in polemical divinity; and on the occasion of a bill being brought into the Irish parliament, in which reference was made to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Athanasian Creed, he inquired of a venerable member of the bench of bishops, as to the nature and object of the proposed enactment, concluding his catechism by asking who this St. Athanasius had been of whom so much had been said in the house? 'I can't tell my lord,' replied the diocesan; 'but I think he must have been a —— d creed-making rascal!'"

Lines on Limerick:—

'Oh, what a sweet and pretty town Limerick is,
Where neither sly one, nor simpkin, nor slattern is;
It would do your heart good, on the quay, as they walk at eve,
To hear them so happy, so skittish, so talkative.'

The beauties of Limerick took the joke in such dudgeon, that the poor doctor (the author) was fain to make his escape in the night-time and never return."

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Of the time of Sir Walter Scott's early acquaintance, we select a portion of Hogg's amusing account.

"I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch, that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat despite of the animal's plunging; and, at other times, he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, 'Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye.' 'Ay,' said he, 'he and I have been very often, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoe-lachets.' I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet; but I think these were his words. We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed, I never saw him otherwise in the fields. On the rugged mountains, or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass his own, but that of all other men. His memory, or, perhaps, I should say, his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately regarding Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*; but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one. He and Skene of Rubislaw and I were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and, on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher home, all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat. While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward, on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of 'Gilmanscleuch.' Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote; and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but at the eighth or ninth verse I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had lately been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that to amuse the company he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ('The Abbot of Aberbrothock'), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors; and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word. Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Laidlaw, of the Peel, with him; and into the foaming river we plunged, in our frail bark, with a fine blazing light. In a few minutes we came into Gliddy's Weal, the deepest pool in Tweed when we perceived that our boat gave evident symptoms of sinking. When Scott saw the terror that Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always the more mischief the better sport for him! 'For God's sake push her to the side!' roared Peel. 'Oh, she goes fine!' said Scott; 'an' gin the boat were bottomless, an' seven miles to row;' and, by the time he had well got out the words, down she went to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all; but that was a glorious night for Sir Walter—and the next day was no worse. I remember leaving Attrive Lake once with him, accompanied by my dear friend William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I dare say, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf and got a sad fright; but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene, to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family; and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks."

[How melancholy is the contrast now! Yet, at a period of life when many men are hardly touched by age, our immortal countryman is scathed and worn out. His bodily health improved, indeed, by his foreign travel, but the glorious mind deprived, we fear for ever, of its might and elastic power.—*Lit. Gaz.*]

AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA.

From the Am. Journal of Geology and Natural Science.

Taking it for granted, that the patronage which his great work has begun to receive in this country, will soon be so much extended, as to enrich every considerable town in the United States with at least one copy,—for what town or neighbourhood is there, which does not possess patriotic, wealthy, and liberal friends to the arts, who can unite in a subscription for this purpose?—we shall not repeat the encomiums it so well deserves: we imagine there are few of our readers who will not be able to have access to this unrivalled work; to those, however, who hitherto have not had an opportunity of seeing it, we shall state—what they may already have conceived, knowing the objects described to be as large as life—that the first volume, already published, containing one hundred plates, is truly a gigantic volume. We saw a copy of it recently, bound in calf, brought by Mr. Audubon from England, which weighed forty-five pounds. The pages are three feet three inches long, and two feet two inches broad. Each number, the price of which is two guineas, or about ten dollars, contain five plates: one hundred and twenty-four plates have already been published, of which one hundred form the first volume: the others will appear gradually; so that the total amount of the cost of this unrivalled work, is progressively paid, and in small sums. The intention is, to publish at least five numbers annually. To each volume of plates, consisting of twenty numbers, is annexed a descriptive and narrative volume of "Ornithological Biography."

This book, which was first published in London, has been reprinted in Philadelphia, and is perhaps the handsomest octavo ever got up in America. But this is its slightest merit; it is in the contents we find what is truly inimitable. Every thing there is communicated in an earnest and simple manner, sometimes with a vivid eloquence and beauty that is touching. There is not one of the one hundred descriptions contained in this volume, where evidences of this may not be found.

Even the dear little house-wren, he has given us a most pleasing and minute account of. What can be more amusing, cheerful and ridiculous, at the same time, than the family picture of plate 83, where the nest is in an old hat, stuck on a twig, the male beginning his song on the edge of the hat, and the anxious mother arriving with a fine fat spider, which one of the pets is squeezing himself through a hole to get at. and then this family history is followed up, so as to give us a direct interest in all the wren family, wherever we may meet them.

"When the young issue from the nest, it is interesting to see them follow the parents amongst the currant bushes in the gardens, like so many mice, hopping from twig to twig, throwing their tails upwards and putting their bodies into a hundred different positions, all studied from the parents, whilst the latter are heard scolding, even without cause, but as if to prevent the approach of enemies, so anxious are they for the safety of their progeny." See page 428.

In some remarks on Audubon's works, contained in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, for April 1831, it is said:

"It is not enough to say, that our author has invented a new style in the representation of natural objects; for so true are his pictures, that he who has once seen and examined them, can never again look with pleasure on the finest productions of other artists. To paint like Audubon, will henceforth mean, to represent Nature as she is. The birds are represented such as Nature created them, of their full dimensions, glowing in all the beauty of their unsullied plumage, and presenting the forms, attitudes, and motions peculiar to the species. In no case do they appear before us in the stiff and formal attitudes in which we find them in other works, perched upon an unmeaning stump or stone. On the contrary, they are seen in all imaginable positions, pursuing their usual avocations. The fore-shortenings and varieties of attitude which induce painters generally to present side views only, *seem to have been accounted as nothing out of the ordinary course of drawing*; with so much delicacy, grace and vigor, have the most difficult positions been managed. A peculiar charm is given to these representations, by the circumstances that the trees, plants and flowers of the districts in which they occur, are all represented, generally with surprising accuracy, and always with great taste. The flowing festoons of climbing shrubs and creepers, hung with broad leaves, garlands of flowers and clustered berries, the lichen crusted branches of the forest trees, and the decayed stumps on which the woodpeckers seek their food, are in themselves objects of admiration."

This is just praise, and many are the British periodicals in which we find language of this kind. The same may be said with great truth, of his biographical descriptions: in them he does not appear as the dry, systematic naturalist, the manufacturer of the barbarous Latin jargon, after the manner of the old school, but as the delightful historian of those birds, of which he is the unrivalled painter. In his descriptions, we find the persuasive power of a mind, which has not been moulded in the conventional forms of society, but taught by its own unrestrained experience, acquired in nature's most retired solitudes, where she was sought, and wooed, and won. For proofs of this, we refer our readers to page 372, where the wood-thrush is described with a train of eloquent thought, that does him honor as a man and a writer. But we think that it is in his account of the mocking-bird, at page 108, that the power and happy gracefulness of his language are most conspicuous.

"It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves, where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered Stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step."

This is the eloquent introduction to one of the most fascinating descriptions of the bird himself, his courtship, his song, and the thousand cares between the construction of the nest, and the fledging of their young.

We trust we have said enough to inspire those of our readers who have not read this charming book with a desire to acquire it; and to it we refer them for the noble descriptions of the larger birds. The bird of Washington, the stately hawk, the black warrior, (falco Harlani,) called after his tried friend, Dr. Harlan, the wild turkey, and its other various contents. But besides these attractions, it contains the most interesting narratives of his adventures, and local descriptions, judiciously interspersed through the work, to the number of twenty. They are as follows: *the Ohio, the great pine swamp, the prairie, the regulators, improvements in the navigation of the Mississippi, a flood, Meadville, the cougar, the earthquake, the hurricane, Kentucky sports, the traveller and the pole-cat, deer-hunting, Niagára, hospitality in the woods, the original painter, Louisville in Kentucky, the eccentric naturalist, Scipio and the bear, and Col. Boon.* These narratives are many of them so powerful, that we rise from the repeated reading of them, almost as familiar with the subject, as if we had been the companions of Mr. Audubon in his romantic adventures.

Audubon is now in Florida, leading the woodman's life he is so partial to; from thence he will either ascend the Mississippi, or strike into the unfrequented wilds of Texas. It is his intention to penetrate, if possible, into California, to whose natural history we are almost entire strangers. He is furnished with all the protection the American and British governments could afford him, having the most powerful recommendations to all of the posts on the distant frontiers. We shall continue, whenever we are able to do so, to give information of his progress and adventures. May our opportunities be frequent and fortunate, until we can greet him again on our Atlantic shore. We most sincerely hope, that the life of this adventurous and accomplished naturalist will be spared. He has already done enough to secure a lasting renown: but such is his unextinguishable spirit, that when his great work, the "Birds of America," is all engraved, it is only to be the precursor of a still greater: a gallery executed in oil, as large as life, of all the subjects of his masterly drawings. This gallery is already in progress. What a splendid acquisition for the Congress of the United States of America!

Ere we leave for a while, this attractive subject, we desire to say one word more on the encouragement this magnificent work has received in the native country of its gifted author. On the arrival of Audubon in the United States, in September last, we believe he had only six subscribers, including the national library at Washington. Since that period, the number, we understand, has increased to twenty-four. Of these, we believe, five are received in literary and scientific societies. Two copies have been ordered by the legislature of the State of Louisiana, and one by the legislature of S. Carolina. Philadelphia possesses four copies, Baltimore three, Boston, we believe, one. *New-York*, we think, at least we have heard so, one. There is one subscriber in Kentucky; Charleston in S. Carolina, possesses three copies. Where Audubon is known, he is sure to make friends, and we have conceived a high idea of the intelligence and liberality to be found in the State of Georgia, from the fact, that in a town with so limited a population as Savannah, he has no less than seven subscribers. All these, which do not constitute one fifth of the patronage Audubon deserves from the United States, will greatly increase the opportunities which individuals will have of seeing this magnificent work. There is but one obstacle to its perfect success, and that consists in the duties the work is subjected to, on arriving in this country. Those who have the spirit to appreciate and acquire it, deserve every praise, knowing as they do, that *foreigners have the privilege of possessing the works of their gifted countrymen, at a much less expense than they do themselves.* We intend no allusion to either tariff or anti-tariff opinions; under any laws, exceptions should be made in favor of works of acknowledged genius of the first order; and we think this duty will be a reflection upon every succeeding Congress, as it is upon the present one, until the "Birds of America" are permitted to come in without duty, and free as the animated beings of which they are the beauteous resemblances. We think, also, that every department of the government ought to subscribe for a copy of this truly national work; and we hope, ere long, to learn that every legislature in the union will follow the examples set by Louisiana and S. Carolina.

Eggs.—An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hand of a person who had never known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what good purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, ascertain what were its contents; and what would he find them to be? A glairy, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle? But give him a hint on the subject; give him an egg, and let him know that it will bring forth a dove. After this advance in a knowledge of the thing, put him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course, that its color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, so far, at least, as human perception can ascertain; and what would then be his conjecture? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in nowise different, so far as we can perceive, from a barn door fowl. Has not the hand of Divinity here written, almost without a metaphor, in letters of gold, the wonders of its creative power? Look at a single feather of the peacock; consider that its shining metallic barbs, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of irridescent, rich and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light; that its form, its flexibility, its strength, lightness, and all its wonders (for in the eye of intelligence every part of it is a wonder) had their origin in a little mucilage; and then consider, whether, in looking on such an object, we should be content with thinking no more about it than simply, that it is a peacock's feather. Yet this is too much the practice; above us and below, on the right side and on the left, in every element, in every situation, the works of Almighty power are present, and all abounding in instruction of the highest kind; and that they make not the impressions that they should do upon us is chiefly owing to the extraordinary anomaly, that natural history forms no necessary part of the education of young or old. But, if a single feather be so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird?

Those who are unacquainted with the animal economy have little idea of the mysterious operations which are constantly in action in a being possessed of life.—The circulation of blood, the process of respiration, digestion, chillification, absorption, nutrition; the distribution of the nerves for conveying sensation, the organs of the senses, the brain, and all its inscrutable connexion with intelligence, instinct, and perception; these, and many other things in the animal economy are so wonderful, that, could they be attended to, the must excite astonishment in the coldest bosoms, and yet all these are the produce of an egg.—*Drummond's Letters to a young Naturalist.*

Admiral Sir Isaac *Coffin*, who has always manifested his attachment to the country of his birth by many liberal acts, has lately transmitted through a gentleman of Brighton, two large boxes of scarce and valuable *plants*, including several hundreds of the choicest productions of English gardens, accompanied by a letter requesting him "to please to accept them as a mark of my regard for my native land, and respect for you."

LAW—*Dishonoured Checks.*—In a recent trial before the Supreme Court of this city (New York) it was decided by the Bench that notice of the dishonor of the check was necessary to entitle the plaintiff to a recovery. Judge Oakley's opinion puts checks and bills of exchange on the same ground, each requiring a regular protest to bind the maker.

MARRIED,

On the 27th, Dr. Edward G. Rawson, of Montgomery county, to Miss Susanna Morrell.

On the 1st inst., John Jackson, to Miss Dorothea Sexsmith.

On the 27th, John A. Bell, to Emeline, daughter of Christopher Mildeberger, Esq.

On the 24th, George How, senior, to Mrs. Ann Noble.

On the 26th, Daniel B. Morgan, to Miss Martha, daughter of Samuel Davis.

On the 27th, Philip A. Bell, to Miss Rebecca Fenwick, late of Charleston.

On the 2d, William P. Disosway, to Miss Ann Eliza Bartis.

On the 28th, James Franklin Kenny, merchant of Philadelphia, to Jane Adeline, daughter of Rufus Clark, of this city.

On the 1st, George Moore, to Miss Mary McCurdy.

On the 3d, William B. Hatch, to Miss Elizabeth T. Tuthill.

At Portland, Joel L. Hersey, to Miss Lydia Worthy; Captain Samuel P. Gerts, to Miss Abby L. daughter of Captain George Loring.

At Concord, N.H. Winthrop B. Norton, Esq. of Oxford, to Mrs. Sally Simons.

At Sterling, Rev. Oliver Stearns, pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Northampton, to Miss Mary Blood.

At Lockport, Elisha Parsons, jr. of Cincinnati, Ohio, formerly of Northampton, to Miss Louisa Harris, of Lockport.

At Hyde Park, Captain Samuel Braman, to Miss Helen Van Vleet.

At Northampton, Mass. Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Montpelier, Vt. to Miss Caroline W. Dwight, of Northampton.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th, Susan, wife of John Earl, aged 23.

On the 25th, Colonel Anthony Post, an officer of the revolutionary army.

On the 27th, Ellen Barnes, aged 32.

On the 1st, Mrs. Patience Coffin, wife of John R. Robinson, aged 22.

On the 30th, Mrs. Harriet Cruger, wife of Henry N. Cruger, Esq.

On the 1st, Miss Deborah, daughter of Stephen C. Smith, aged 23.

On the 2d, Hervey Kimball, formerly of Amherst, Mass. aged 49.

On the 3d, Thomas J. Haynes, of the house of T. J. Haynes & Co.

On the 21st, Mrs. Lavinia Doughty, aged 70.

On the 27th, Ellen Barnes, aged 32.

On the 3d, Mrs. Mary Skaats, aged 72.

On the 3d, Mrs. Harriet Healy, widow of Albert J. Healy, aged 29.

On the 4th, Lewis Decondray, of Matanzas, Cuba, aged 34.

At Pawlings, Duchess county, Susanna Arnold, aged [illegible] years.

At Philadelphia, Andrew Bayard, Esq. aged 71.

At Somerset, Pa. Mary Ann, wife of John A. Cunningham, and daughter of Caleb Loring, Esq. of Boston.

At Charleston, John Smith, aged 37, for many years an eminent merchant of that city.

At Cornwall, Ct. Rev. Herman Daggett, aged 66. For more than five years he was the Principal of the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall.

At Granville, Phineas Bird Baker, son of the Rev. Joel Baker, aged [illegible].

GENERAL AGENTS—*For this Publication.*

[illegible] city of New York; Chester Wa[illegible], Columbus, Ohio; Eichbaum & Norvell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, [illegible] and Geo. W. W[illegible], Postmaster, [illegible], Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain [illegible] of the monies paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—[illegible] Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; Tracy Don[illegible], Albany; Clarke & [illegible], Troy; J. H. Van Eps, Schenectady; A. A. McLean, [illegible]; J. W. Bigge, Canandaigua; [illegible] L. Morse, Canandaigua; Postmaster, Poughkeepsie; Edward Sage, [illegible]; N. Williams, [illegible]; A. A[illegible], Syracuse; [illegible], Postmaster, Auburn; A. B. Clark, Ithaca; C. Davis, Ludlowville; L. Eaton, Aurora; Herman Camp, Trumansburgh; A. Gates, Ovid; C. A. Rose, Geneva; S. [illegible], Waterloo; J. S. Tower, Lyons; G. W. Dunn, Clyde; [illegible] Hall, [illegible]; M. W. Wilcox, Palmyra; Jas. Hanks, Newark; A. F. Campbell, Pittsford; B. A. [illegible], Rochester; Dep. Postmaster Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston, and Youngstown, [illegible] in New York; Jonathan Coles, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 44 South-street, Baltimore; Garret Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortress Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & [illegible], Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Milledgeville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Claiborne, Ala.; Odiorne & Smith, Mobile; F. Johns & Co., New Orleans; Postmasters, Plaquemine and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez & Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; [illegible] F. Day, Painesville, Ohio; Postmaster, Detroit, Michigan [illegible]; John Punchard, Boston; H. H. Weld, Lowell, Mass.; John Balkam, Postmaster, Robbinstown; Hiram Favor, Eastport, Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Rv. B. A[illegible], Miramichi, N.B.; Dr. Joseph Prescott, Halifax, N.S.; Hy. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; Hy. Hillock, Reading Room, Montreal, L.C.; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brockville; D. Prentiss, Kingston; J. S. Howard, Postmaster, York, U.C.; Ambrose Gosling, *Hamilton*; Anthony Atwood, *St. George's*; John A. M. Gilbert *Ireland Island*, Bermuda; L. Battelle, Bassin. St. Croix; Davis & Latimer, St. Thomas.

PASSAICK HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ciom.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail.

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to
E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane,
may 9. c&i. near South st. N. York.

REMOVAL.

PIANO FORTE STORE,

395 Broadway, near Walkerst.

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-cily.

MISS GILBERT'S *Boarding and Day School.*—Miss Angelica Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near Le Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.

The rudiments as well as the higher branches usual in female education are taught; the French language and Drawing by the first masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Kip, George [illegible], Ogden Edwards, John Coit, Esq., and others whose children have been at her school.

The next quarter begins on Tuesday the 9th May.

New-York, April 28, 1832.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, [illegible] Class No. 18 for 1832, drawn June 6.—19 63 29 48 17 24 38 34 5 42.

Comb. 19 29 [illegible] $20,000, was sold by Sylvester.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

June 13—Class 19, $20,000, 10,000 ....$5
June 20—Class 20, $10,000, 5,700 ....$3
June 27—Class 21, $30,000, 20,000, 5,000, 3,000 ....$10

[The above is a noble scheme, and most excellent for packages of wholes, halves, quarters, or eighths.]

July 5—Class 22, $15,000, 3,000 ....$4
July 11—Class 23, 4 of 10,000 ....$5
July 18—Class 24, $15,000, [illegible] $4

Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. [illegible] Broad-street, including the whole block between Pearl and Water-sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston* and *Alexander P. Fonda*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the suit of buildings in Broad-street, composing the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Williston, and opened the same for the reception of company.

The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suits of rooms for private families, and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.

May 7, 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N. Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar.3. P. BYRNE.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, for any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of [illegible] publications, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 2. c&i

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, Gilder, and Looking Glass Manufacturer, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16 ci.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION

OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW, AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &c.,

AT the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening.

may 23-ci.

FINE

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
Wholesale and Retail,
By **T. BUSSING**, Manufacturer,
70 Willliam-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied.* JONATHAN DODGE.

No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.